



# Crystal & Fountain

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

## SABBATH-SCHOOL SONGS AND TEMPERANCE HYMNS.

BY R. B. MAHAFFEY.



PUBLISHED BY

W. W. LAUER & MATTILL, W. W.

CLEVELAND, O.



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# CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.



A CHOICE COLLECTION OF SABBATH-SCHOOL SONGS AND TEMPERANCE HYMNS FOR  
GOSPEL MEETINGS AND EVERY PHASE OF THE TEMPERANCE WORK ;  
EMBRACING MANY CONTRIBUTIONS BY THE BEST  
WRITERS IN THE LAND.



A LARGE VARIETY OF  
QUARTETS, DUETS, SOLOS AND CHORUSES,  
Including some excellent pieces for Male and Female Voices.

BY R. B. MAHAFFEY,  
Author of PRECIOUS JEWELS and NEW SABBATH CAROLS.



PUBLISHED BY  
LAUER & MATTILL,  
265 to 275 Woodland Avenue,  
Cleveland, O.

# PREFACE.



IN preparing CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN for the Christian public, the author had in view a two-fold idea ; namely, To issue a book eminently worthy of a place in the Sabbath-school, the Gospel, Revival and Temperance meeting, and thus save the expense to the church of purchasing a book suitable for each department.

It is our earnest prayer that it may fill the mission intended to the utmost satisfaction of all who may adopt it ; and above all, that it may bring honor and glory of God to whom we looked for wisdom in its preparation.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, APRIL 1, 1889.

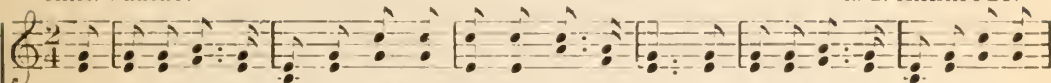
# CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

## THE MASTER CALLETH.

CHAS. GEESEY.

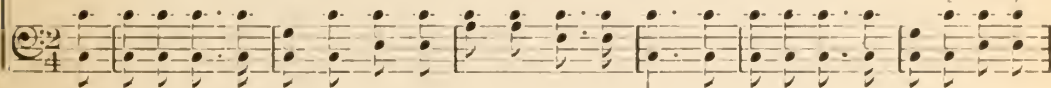
"The Master is come and calleth for thee."—John 11 : 28.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.



1. We hear thy tender, loving voice, Which saith "Come unto me." That I may all your burdens bear, And
2. We know we've wander'd far a-way Up-on for-bid-den ground, But we rejoice, O blessed thought, Thou
3. O wondrous love! Oh, grace divine! That saves us from the fall, While mercy stands with outstretch'd

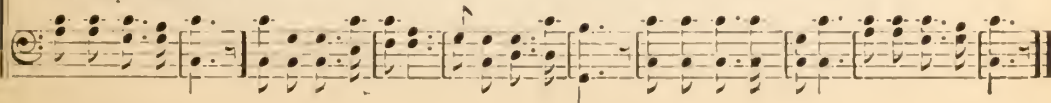
[hands, We



### *Chorus.*



let your souls be free. Com-ing, bless-ed Je-sus, Com-ing now to Thee, Com-ing, yes, we're com-ing, Thro' Thy grace so free.  
may'st be always found.  
will accept the call.



## ONLY THROUGH THEE.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. On - ly thro' Thee, Lord, we gath - er All of our cour - age to stand Here in the Tem - per - ance  
 2. On - ly thro' Thee can we con - quer, So we im - plore now thy aid, Guard us and keep us from  
 3. On - ly thro' Thee, and thee on - ly, Com - eth life's ev - er - y joy, Thine is the fa - vor to

con - flict, Fight - ing our foes hand - to - hand, Trust - ing thy help will not fail us,  
 dan - ger, Let not our hearts be a - fraid; Shield us from ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion,  
 grant us, Pleas - ure with nev - er al - loy. Hark to our prayer and then kindly

Knowing that we must prevail, For - ward we press to our du - ty Crushing the foe that assail.  
 Make us but val - iant and strong, While un - to thee shall our voi - ces, Thank - ful - ly raise in sweet song.  
 Give us from out of thy store, What we may ask, while for - ev - er Thine be the glo - ry e'er - more.



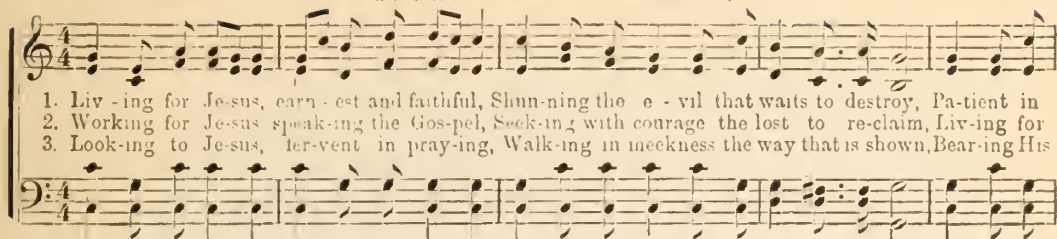
# THIS IS THE LIFE.

5

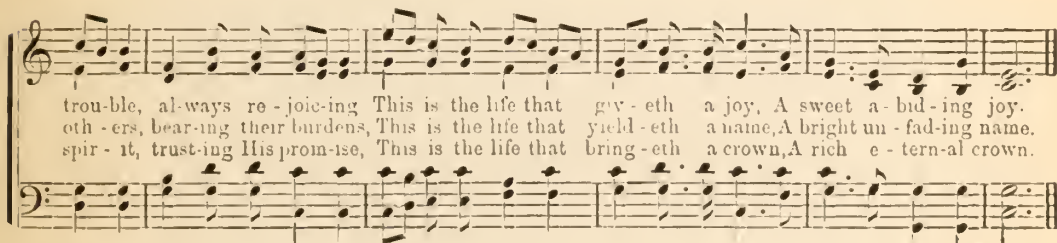
E. A. BARNES.

L. O. EMERSON.

"Whereunto thou art also called."—I Tim. 6: 12.

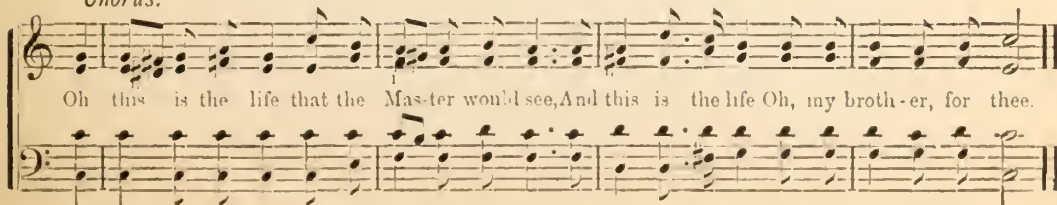


1. Liv - ing for Je - sus, earn - est and faith - ful, Shun - ning the e - vil that wants to destroy, Pa - tient in  
 2. Work - ing for Je - sus speak - ing the Gos - pel, Seek - ing with courage the lost to re - claim, Liv - ing for  
 3. Look - ing to Je - sus, fer - vent in pray - ing, Walk - ing in meekness the way that is shown, Bear - ing His



trou - ble, al - ways re - joic - ing This is the life that giv - eth a joy, A sweet a - bid - ing joy.  
 oth - ers, bear - ing their bur - dens, This is the life that yield - eth a name, A bright un - fad - ing name.  
 spir - it, trust - ing His prom - ise, This is the life that bring - eth a crown, A rich e - tern - al crown.

## Chorus.



Oh this is the life that the Mas - ter would see, And this is the life Oh, my broth - er, for thee.

# SAVED, SAVED, SAVED.!

EBEN E. REXFORD,

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I was in ut-ter bon-dage; My fet-ters all could see; Bound down in soul and  
 2. I wrong the hearts that love me, And plead with me in vain; Some-times I strove for  
 3. At last I felt my weak-ness I turned to God and cried, "Oh, help me, or I

bod - y, And yet to - day I'm free! Drink was my ty - rant, Mas - ter, And  
 free - dom, But could not break the chain; What won - der in the strug - gle My  
 per - ish" And help was not de - nied; Thank God! a slave no lon - ger, Re -

down the hill of shame I fol-lowed where he led me Un - til de-liv-erance came.  
 weak-ness was o'er-thrown, I asked not God to help me, But fought the fight a-lone,  
 joice to - day with me, And tell the joy - ful tid - ings, An - oth-er soul is free.

*Chorus.*

Thank God! for he has freed me, No more by drink enslaved, Go tell the happy tidings, O sav'd, sav'd, sav'd!

ON TO THE RESCUE!

FRANK M. DAVIS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Boldly.*

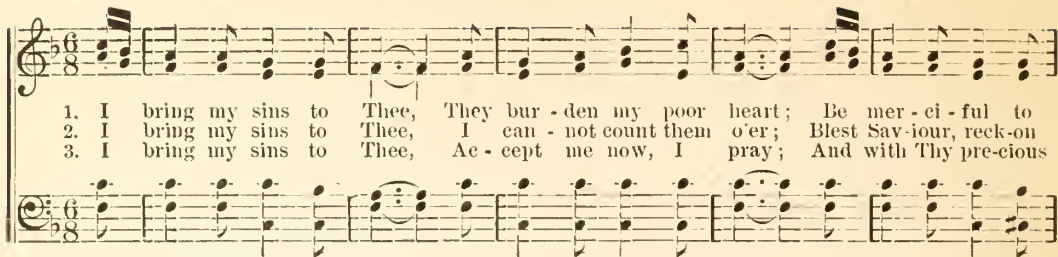
1. { On, on to the res-cue, On, broth-ers, on. } Strong the foe we have to fight,  
 See, see, mil-lions dy-ing (*Omit.*) . . . On, broth-ers, on.  
 2. { Work, work, while the day lasts, Work, brothers, work, } Save the drunkard from his doom,  
 Work, work, night is com-ing, (*Omit.*) . . . When none can work.  
 3. { On, on to the res-cue On, broth-ers, on, } Show by deeds what you can do;  
 Lift, lift up the fall-en (*Omit.*) . . . On, broth-ers, on,

Yet we'll bat-tle with our might, Wrongs shall nev-er con-quer Right, On, broth-ers, on!  
 From a dark de grad-ed tomb, E'er his life has lost its bloom, Work, brothers, work!  
 Ev-er to your cause be true, Earth and heav'n will then bless you, On, broth-ers, on!

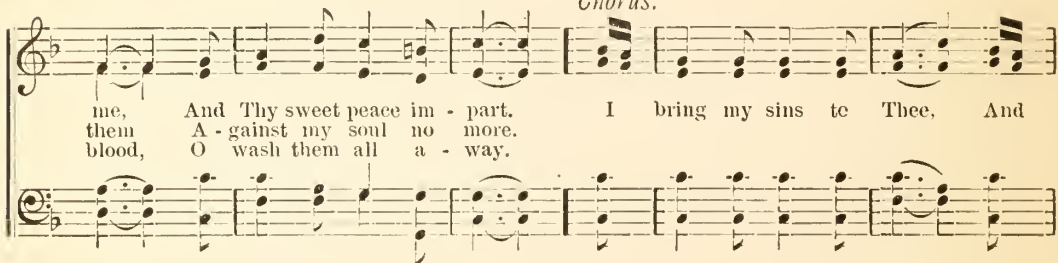
## I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.


R. B. MAHAFFEY.



1. I bring my sins to Thee, They bur - den my poor heart; Be mer - ci - ful to  
 2. I bring my sins to Thee, I can - not count them o'er; Blest Sav - iour, reck-on  
 3. I bring my sins to Thee, Ac - cept me now, I pray; And with Thy pre-cious

*Chorus.*


me, And Thy sweet peace im - part. I bring my sins to Thee, And  
 them A - gainst my soul no more.  
 blood, O wash them all a - way.



lay them at Thy feet; And now, O Lamb of God, Thy par-don I en - treat.

# GO TELL THE ERRING.

9

FRANK M. DAVIS

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Go tell the wan-der-er, Go tell the err-ing, That there is balm for their sor-row and woe;  
 2. Kind-ly, yet earn-est-ly, Show them their er-ror, Some fal-len one you may res-cue and save;  
 3. Bid them to Je-sus go, He now is wait-ing, He will His pen-i-tent children re-ceive;

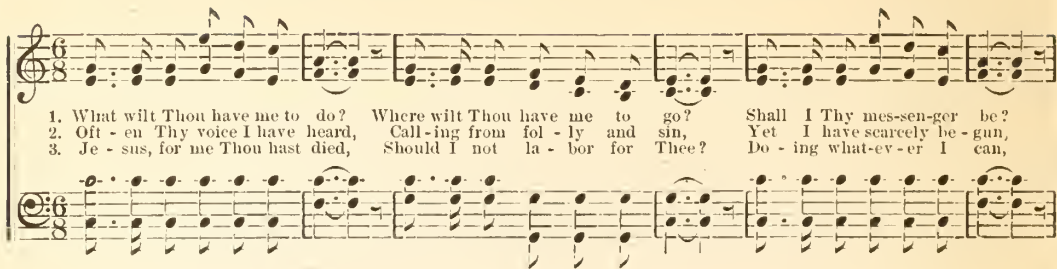
Wretch-ed and per-ish-ing, Go now and suc-cor them, Tell them the joy that their hearts may still know.  
 Oh pass not heed-less by, You can per-haps redeem Some wretched soul from its death and the grave,  
 Bind up their bleeding wounds, Care for their sin-sick souls, If they have faith and in Him will be-lieve.

## Refrain.

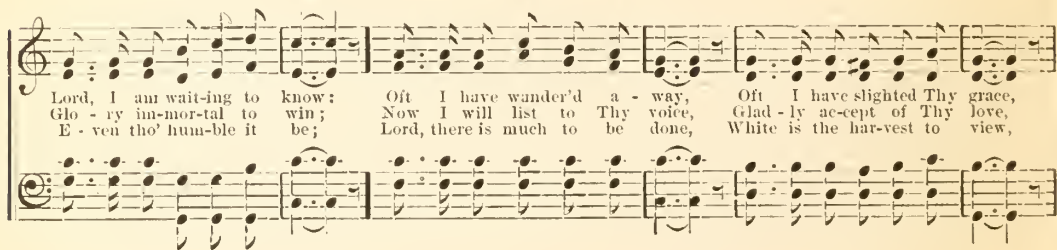
Go, plead-ing earn-est-ly, plead-ing in kindness, Some fal-len one you may res-cue and save.

E. R. LATTA.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.



1. What wilt Thou have me to do? Where wilt Thou have me to go? Shall I Thy mes-sen-ger be?  
 2. Oft - en Thy voice I have heard, Call - ing from fol - ly and sin, Yet I have scarcely be - gun,  
 3. Je - sus, for me Thou hast died, Should I not la - bor for Thee? Do - ing what - ev - er I can,



Lord, I am wait-ing to know; Oft I have wander'd a - way, Oft I have slighted Thy grace,  
 Glo - ry im-mor-tal to win; Now I will list to Thy voice, Glad - ly ac-cept of Thy love,  
 E - ven tho' hum-bles it be; Lord, there is much to be done, White is the har-vest to view,

*Refrain.*


Now in Thy vineyard be - low, Give me, dear Saviour, a place. What wilt Thou have me to do? . . . .  
 Take me, dear Saviour, I pray, Fit me for heav-en a - bove. What wilt Thou, what wilt Thou have me to do?  
 Now I am read-y to go, What wilt Thou have me to do?



# WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?—Concluded.

11



What wilt Thou have me to do? . . . Je-sus, I list to Thy call . . . What wilt Thou have me to do?  
 What wilt Thou, what wilt Thou have me to do? Je-sus, dear Sav-iour, I list to Thy call,

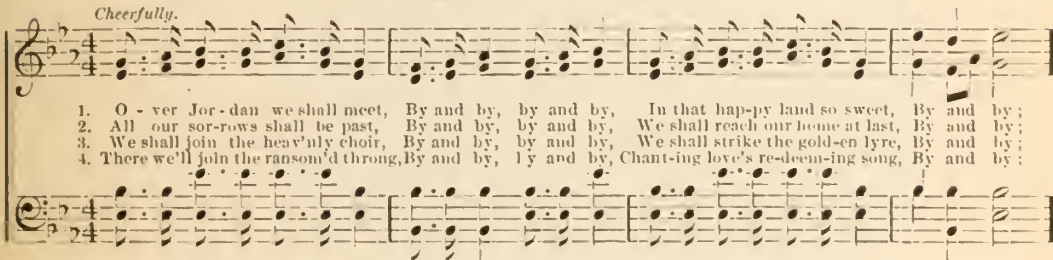
## BY AND BY.

REV. T. W. DALE.

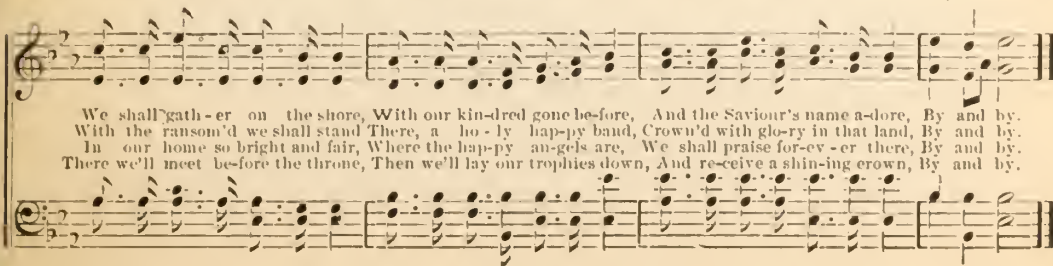
"Ye shall pass over this Jordan."—Josh. I: 11.

REV. W. T. DALE.

*Cheerfully.*



1. O - ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by, In that hap-py land so sweet, By and by;  
 2. All our sor-rows shall be past, By and by, by and by, We shall reach our home at last, By and by;  
 3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by, We shall strike the gold-en lyre, By and by;  
 4. There we'll join the ransom'd throng, By and by, ly and by, Chant-ing love's re-deem-ing song, By and by;



We shall gath-er on the shore, With our kin-dred gone be-fore, And the Sav-iour's name a-dore, By and by.  
 With the ransom'd we shall stand There, a ho-ly hap-py band, Crown'd with glo-ry in that land, By and by.  
 In our home so bright and fair, Where the hap-py an-gels are, We shall praise for-ev-er there, By and by.  
 There we'll meet be-fore the throne, Then we'll lay our trophies down, And re-ceive a shin-ing crown, By and by.

WRS. MARY D. JAMES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. In the rift-ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Safe-ly sheltered I a-bide; There no foes nor storms mo-  
 2. Long pursued by sin and Sa-tan, Wea-ry, sad, I longed for rest; Then I found this heav'nly  
 3. "Peace which passeth un-der-stand-ing," Joy the world could never give, I am find-ing now in  
 4. In the rift-ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past; All se-cure in this blest

*Chorus.*

lest me, While with-in the cleft I hide.  
 shel-ter, O-pen-ed in my Sa-vior's breast. Now I'm rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing, In the  
 Je-sus; In His smiles of love I live.  
 Ref-uge, Heed-ing not the fierc-est blast.

cleft once made for me; Je-sus, bless-ed Rock of A-ges, I am hid-ing now in Thee.



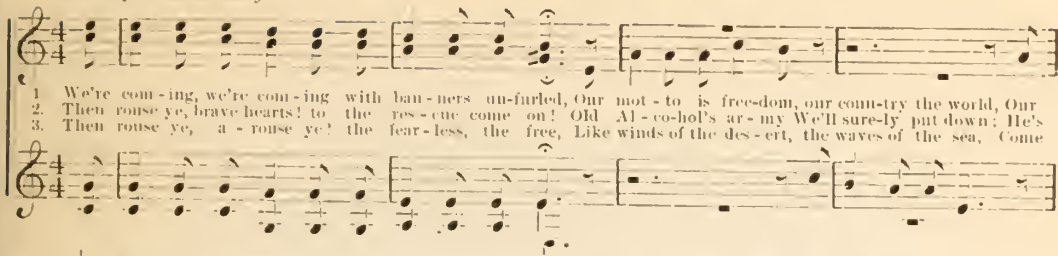
# WE'RE COMING.

(For Ladies' Voices.)

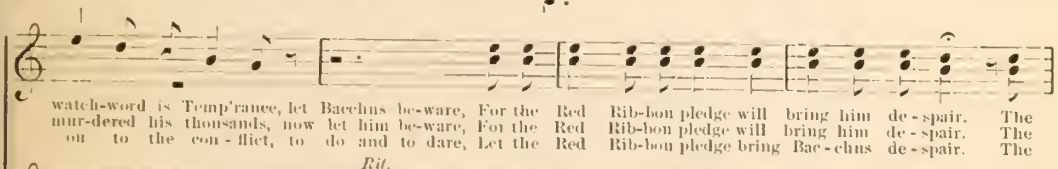
13.

R. B. MAMAFFEY, By per.

\* \* \*  
Not too fast, but earnestly.



1. We're com-ing, we're com-ing with ban-ners un-furled, Our mot-to is free-dom, our coun-try the world, Our  
 2. Then rouse ye, brave hearts! to the res-cue come on! Old Al-co-hol's ar-my We'll sure-ly put down; He's  
 3. Then rouse ye, a-rouse ye! the fear-less, the free, Like winds of the des-ert, the waves of the sea, Come



watch-word is Tem-p'rance, let Bacchus be-ware, For the Red Rib-bon pledge will bring him de-spair. The  
 murdered his thousands, now let him be-ware, For the Red Rib-bon pledge will bring him de-spair. The  
 on to the con-flict, to do and to dare, Let the Red Rib-bon pledge bring Bac-chus de-spair. The

*Rit.*



Red Rib-bon pledge, the Red Rib-bon pledge, For the Red Rib-bon pledge will bring him de-spair.

\* If the 1st Soprano is capable, all take small notes for last stanza only.

## WIDE AWAKE BOYS!

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

(For Male Voices.)

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*With vigor.*

1. There's a la - bor to be wrought, There's a race that we must run; There's a bat - tle to be  
 2. In the coun - cils of the great; In the hov - els of the low; On the ver - y throne of  
 3. See him in the ho - ly place, Lurking in the bless - ed wine! Gleaming thro' the brid - a

fought, And a vic - try to be won, For a cheat - ed na - tion's sake! Ho! ye peo - ple! plundered  
 state, Sits the de - vas - tat - ing foe! On - ly hu - man life can slake His in - fer - nal thirst for  
 lace, How his fierce eyes deadly shine! Coil - ing like a venomed snake In the par - lor's so - cial

all By the slaves of Al - co - hol! Rouse, the de - mon's arm to break; Wide awake, boys, wide a - wake!  
 blood, Up! for bat - tle brotherhood! Smite him till his vas - sals quake! Wide awake, boys, wide a - wake!  
 ring! Strength and beauty feel his sting! Hurl him to his burn - ing lake, Wide awake, boys, wide a - wake!

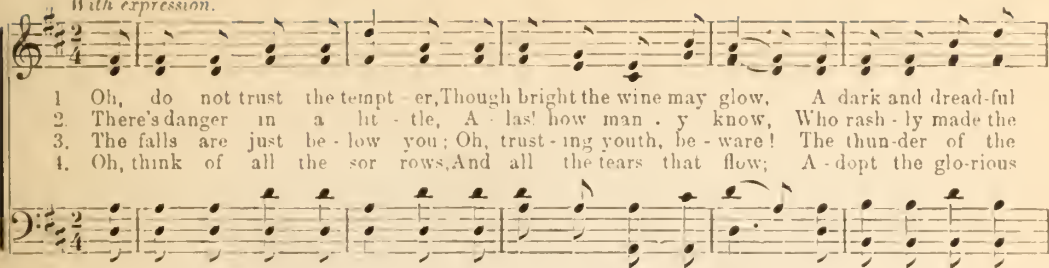
# DRINK NOT AT ALL.

15

E. R. LATTI.

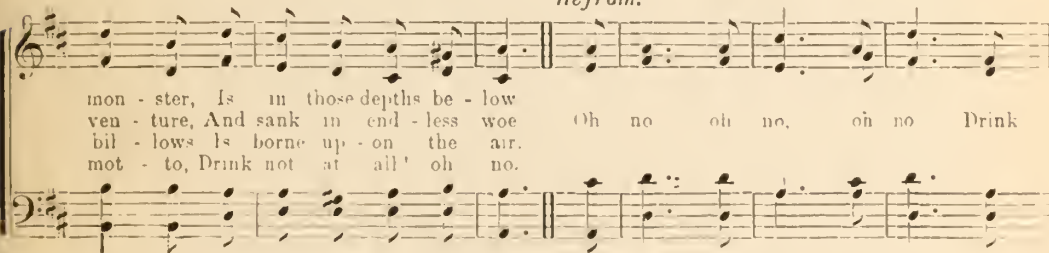
FRANZ.

*With expression.*



1 Oh, do not trust the tempt-er, Though bright the wine may glow, A dark and dread-ful  
 2 There's danger in a lit-tle, A-las! how man-y know, Who rash-ly made the  
 3 The falls are just be-low you; Oh, trust-ing youth, be-ware! The thun-der of the  
 4 Oh, think of all the sor-rows, And all the tears that flow; A-dopt the glo-rious

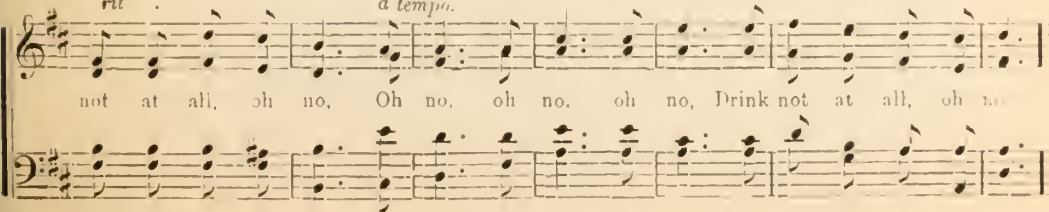
*Refrain.*



mon-ster, Is in those depths be-low  
 ven-ture, And sank in end-less woe Oh no oh no, oh no Drink  
 bil-lows Is borne up-on the air.  
 mot-to, Drink not at all' oh no.

*rit*

*a tempo.*



not at all, oh no, Oh no, oh no, oh no, Drink not at all, oh no

## THERE'S DEATH IN THE CUP.

MRS. ANNIE E. THOMSON

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 There is death in the cup, Oh, then tar - ry not there, Though it shine like the ru - br so  
 2. There is death in the cup, Oh, then think of the tears, Of thy moth - er who watched o'er thy  
 3. There is death in the cup, There is death to thy soul, As the dark end-less years of e-

glit - 'ring and fair; Oh, look not on its beau - ty, for soon its fiercesting Your fair  
 ear - li est years, And thy fa - ther's fond hopes that must per - ish with thee, If thou  
 ter - ni - ty roll; And no heav - en, no rest, and no Sa - viour thou'lt see, If thou

*Chorus.*

bod - y and soul to de - struc - tion will bring.  
 tar - ri - est there where the tempter may be. Oh, then taste not, and touch not, the warning o - bey;  
 drink of the cup that is sparkling for thee.

1st. 2nd.

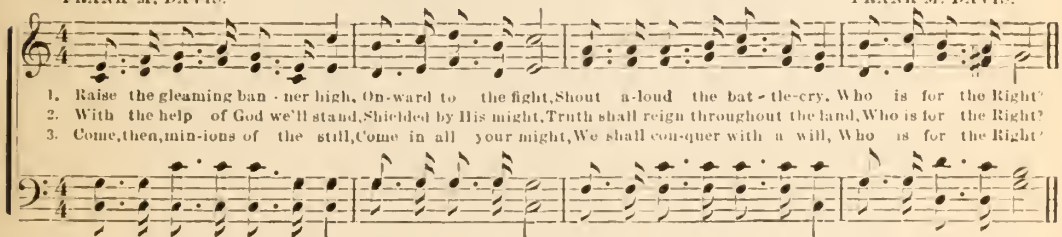


It will smile to deceive thee, it charms but to slay: It will smile to deceive thee, it charms but to slay.

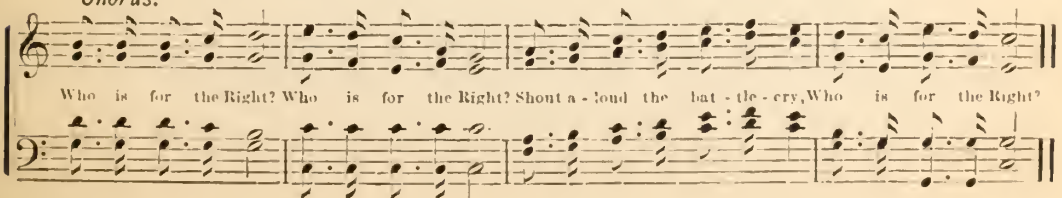
## WHO IS FOR THE RIGHT?

FRANK M. DAVIS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Raise the gleaming banner high, Onward to the fight, Shout a loud the battle-cry, Who is for the Right?  
 2. With the help of God we'll stand, Shielded by His might, Truth shall reign throughout the land, Who is for the Right?  
 3. Come, then, minions of the still, Come in all your might, We shall conquer with a will, Who is for the Right?

*Chorus.*



Who is for the Right? Who is for the Right? Shout a loud the battle-cry, Who is for the Right?


## WE'LL SIGN THE PLEDGE TO-NIGHT, BOYS.

E. R. LATTA.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.


*Earnestly.**Slow.**a tempo.*

- 
1. We'll sign the pledge to-night, boys! The warn - ing we will heed; We'll write our names to
  2. We'll sign the pledge to-night, boys! 'Twill help us to be true! We'll wear the rib-bons,
  3. We'll sign the pledge to-night, boys, What-ev - er may be said; Nor mon - ey spend for
  4. We'll sign the pledge to-night, boys, What-ev - er oth - ers think! We'll swell the grow - ing

*Refrain.*


stay, boys! It is a no - ble deed.  
 too, boys, The red, the white, the blue.  
 drink, boys! That we should spend for bread.  
 list, boys, Of those who will not drink.

We'll sign the pledge to - night, We'll  
 we'll sign,



sign the pledge to - night, We'll sign the pledge, we'll sign the pledge, We'll sign the pledge to night,  
 we'll sign,





# OH TIS WONDERFUL.

19

F. A. BARNES.

"For by grace are ye saved,"—Eph: 2. 8

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*

1. In the Gospel's sweet old sto - ry, Lo! I read its gol - den theme, How the Prince of life and  
 2. Sin its se - cret work was ply - ing, Ad - ding guilt with ey - ery day, Till I read that Christ in  
 3. To his love I was a stran - ger, To his call I gave no heed, Till at last I saw my  
 4. Lost in sin was my con - di - tion, Hope had not a rest - ing place, Till I felt that with con -

glo - ry, Came to suf - fer and re - deem.  
 dy - ing, Died to take my guilt a - way.  
 dan - ger, Found the friend I stood in need.  
 tri - tion, E - ven I was sav'd by grace.

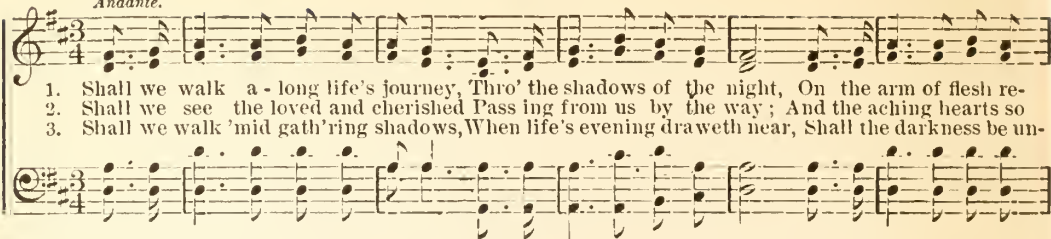
Oh, tis won - der - ful, won - der - ful, Yes, tis won - der - ful,

won - der - ful' Oh, tis won - der - ful, won - der - ful, The sto - ry of his love.

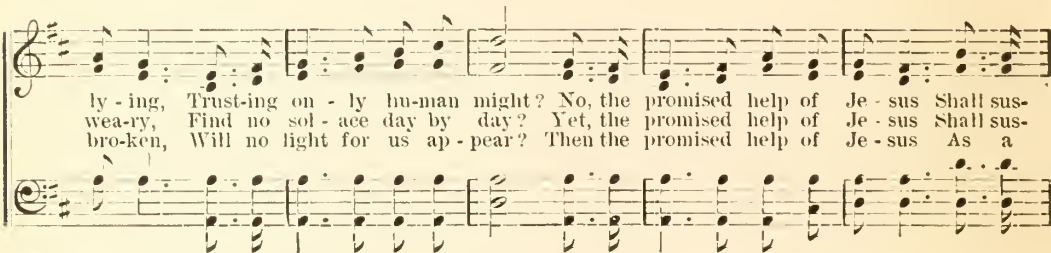
R. J. BIXBY.

"But in me is thine help."—Hos. 13 : 6.

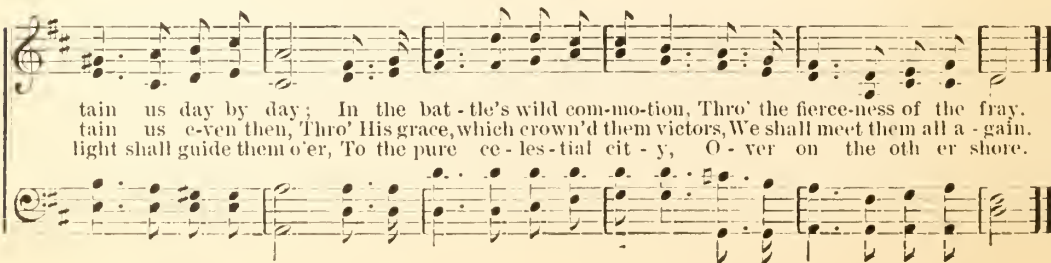
R. B. MAHAFFEY.

*Andante.*


1. Shall we walk a - long life's journey, Thro' the shadows of the night, On the arm of flesh re-  
 2. Shall we see the loved and cherished Pass ing from us by the way ; And the aching hearts so  
 3. Shall we walk 'mid gath'ring shadows, When life's evening draweth near, Shall the darkness be un-



ly - ing, Trust-ing on - ly hu-man might? No, the promised help of Je - sus Shall sus-  
 wea-ry, Find no sol - ace day by day? Yet, the promised help of Je - sus Shall sus-  
 bro-ken, Will no light for us ap - pear? Then the promised help of Je - sus As a



tain us day by day ; In the bat - tle's wild com-mo-tion, Thro' the fierce-ness of the fray.  
 tain us e-ven then, Thro' His grace, which crown'd them victors, We shall meet them all a - gain.  
 light shall guide them o'er, To the pure ec - les - tial cit - y, O - ver on the oth er shore.

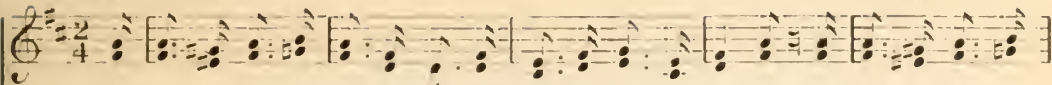


# WE'RE GOING TO WORK FOR JESUS.

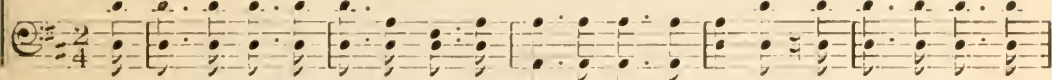
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MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

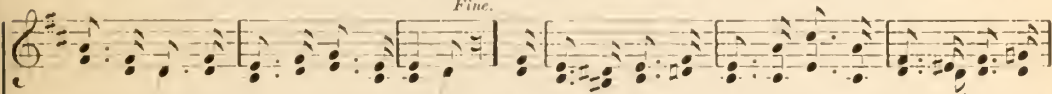


1. We are a lit - tle pil - grim band, We're going to work for Je - sus ; We join to - geth - er
2. 'Tis not too ear - ly to be - gin, We're going to work for Je - sus ; To save us from the
3. And when we grow to ri - per age, We're going to work for Je - sus ; His love shall all our

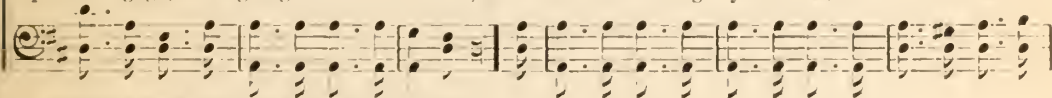


*D.C.*— We are a lit - tle pil - grim band, We're going to work for Je - sus ; We join to - geth - er

*Fine.*



heart and hand. We're going to work for Je - sus ; And if we're always firm and true, We know He'll give us  
paths of sin. We're going to work for Je - sus ; We hear the bless - ed Sav - iour say, Oh ! lit - tle children,  
pow'r en - gage, We're going to work for Je - sus ; And when our working days are o'er, And we shall reach the

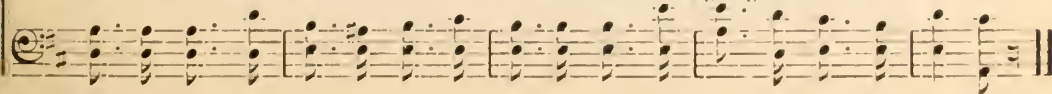


hand and hand, We're going to work for Je - sus.



*D.C.*

work to do, And teach us how to serve Him too, We're going to work for Je - sus.  
come a - way, Oh ! come and learn of me to - day, We're going to work for Je - sus.  
bliss - ful shore, We'll dwell with Him for - ev - er more, We're going to work for Je - sus.



*Not too fast.*

1. Hast-en, sin-ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun; Wis-dom if you  
 2. Hast-en, sin-ner, to re-turn, Stay not for the mor-row's sun, Lest the lamp should

still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won. Hast-en, mer-cy to im-plore! Stay not  
 fail to burn, Ere sal-va-tion's work is done. Hast-en, sin-ner, to be blest! Stay not

for the mor-row's sun, Lest thy sea-son should be o'er, Ere this evening's stage be run.  
 for the mor-row's sun, Lest per-di-tion thee ar-rest, Ere the mor-row is be-gun.

# STAND BY THE BLUE.

23

REV. H. TAYLOR.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Boldly.*

1. Stand by the blue, Ev - er be true, Breast-ing the sur-ges that break, Hus-bands and wives,  
 2. On to the fight, Strike for the Right, Scorn to com-pound with the wrong, Speak up and out,

*Chorus.*

Stand for your lives, Vir - tue and right are at stake. Staud, stand, stand,  
 Leave not a doubt Where your con-vic-tions be - long.

Stand by the rib-bon of blue, Stand, stand, stand, Stand by the rib-bon of blue.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



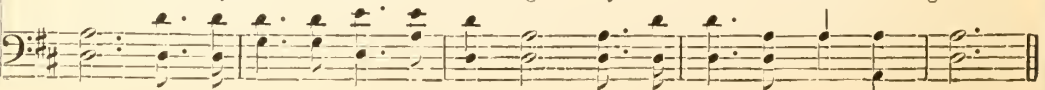
1. Out through all our great Colum-bia, Goes a cry of mor-tal pain, It is pit - i - ful to hear it.
2. Fath-ers, moth-ers, lit - tle chil-dren, All the flow-er of the land, By this plague lie stricken, dying.
3. Oh, the suff'ring and the sor - row! Oh the nev - er dying pain! When will pass the black curse from us?

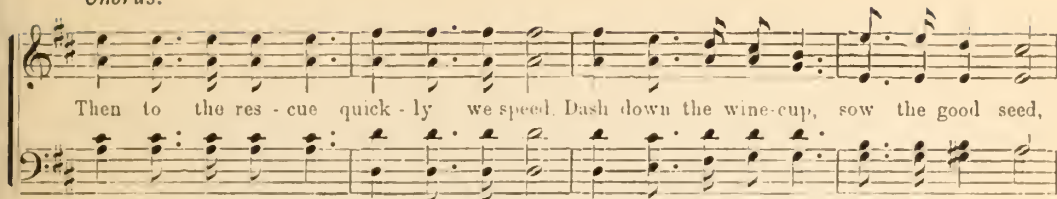


Anguish'd heart and wearied brain, Mourners o - ver sad - dest ru - in, By in - tox - i - ca - tion  
 Ev - 'ry - where on ev - 'ry hand, And re - gard - less of the warn - ings That they see on ev - 'ry  
 When shall men be men a - gain? When true hearts and noble spir - its Band to - geth - er men to

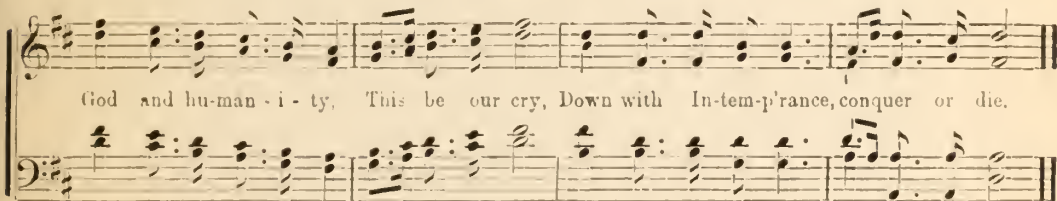


wrought, Oh, the curse spreads wide and fear - ful, Souls by sin are dai - ly bought  
 side, Still the peo - ple quaff that poi - son, Spread the aw - ful hor - ror wide,  
 save, When they work in - stead of mourn - ing, They can close this drunkard's grave.



*Chorus.*


Then to the res - cue quick - ly we speed. Dash down the wine-cup, sow the good seed,



God and hu-man - i - ty, This be our cry, Down with In-tem-p'rance, conquer or die.

## WAKE THE ANTHEM OF DELIVERANCE.

(Air: "Hold the Fort.")

J. H. BOSTWICK.

1. Wake the anthem of deliverance,  
Let it echo far ;  
For a brighter day is dawning.  
See the morning star.

*Chorus.*—Sign the pledge and be a soldier,  
In this glorious war,  
Help redeem the race from thralldom,  
Speed the rising star.

2. "Dare do right," and we shall triumph,  
Let the anthem ring,  
Alcohol's dread throne is trembling,  
Water is our king.
3. Hold the fort, do not surrender,  
Fight on to the last,  
Never strike your flag to mortals,  
Nail it to the mast.

## SONG OF THE BEREAVED.

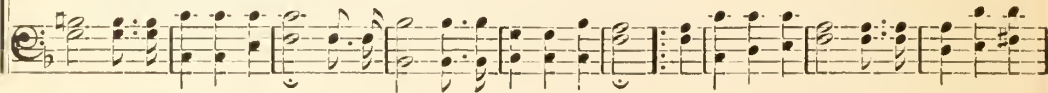
Words and Music by REV. HIRAM SEARS, By per.



1. I long, O I long for the land of the blest, Where the soul is un-fettered from sin; Where the weary from
2. My soul, O my soul, what a rap-tur-ous sight From the vis-ion of glo-ry a-wakes! There the mountains and
3. My heart, O my heart, how it longs for that place, Where our loved ones have gone on before, Where with singing and
4. My God, O my God, shall I ev-er be there And in glo-ry in ef-fa-ble shine, Where with Je-sus and

*Chorus.*

la-bor and sorrow shall rest, With the saints and the Saviour shut in. O land of the blest, I shall one day be  
 val-leys are flooded with light, As the dawn of E-ter-ni-ty breaks.  
 shout-ing o'er triumphs of grace, We'll give praise to the Lord ev-er-more.  
 an-gels Thy presence we'll share, And for-ev-er and ev-er be Thine?

*1st time.**2d time.*

there, With loved ones to rest, And their glo-ry to share. With loved ones to rest, And their glo-ry to share.



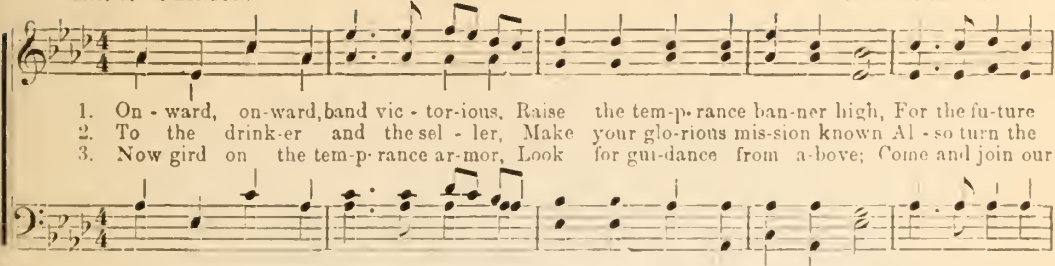


# TEMPERANCE BAND.

27

Mrs. G. W. LINTON.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.



1. On - ward, on-ward, band vic - tor-i-ous, Raise the tem-p-rance ban-ner high, For the fu-ture  
 2. To the drink-er and the sel - ler, Make your glo-rious mis-sion known Al - so turn the  
 3. Now gird on the tem-p-rance ar-mor, Look for guid-ance from a-b-ove; Come and join our



*Duo.*  
 will be glo-rious, And your day of tri-umph nigh, Vice and woe will flee be-fore you  
 blind dis-til-ler From his fear-ful pend-ing doom; Wid - ows, or-phan's now be seech you  
 glo-rious lea-der Shield-ed by a Fath-er's love; On - ward, on-ward, nev - er fal - ter.



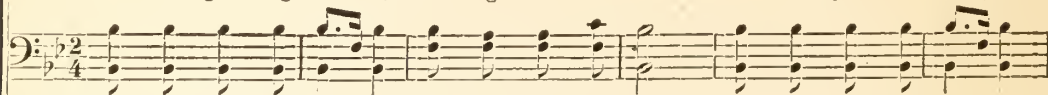
As the dark-ness flies the sun; Onward, vict ry hov-ers o'er you Soon the con-quest will be won.  
 To des-troy the heart-less foe; Mer-cy, sym pa thy and jus-tice Urge you still to on-ward go.  
 Cease not till our land is free; Vowing on the tem-p-rance altar, Onward still to vic-to - ry.

## O THAT'S THE DRINK FOR ME.

FRANZ.

*Lively.*

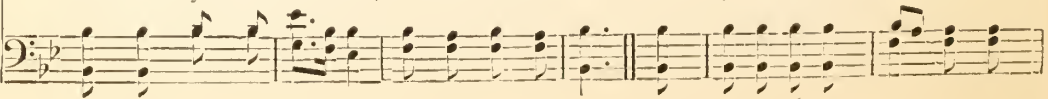
1. See the spark - ling wa - ter, Flow - ing now so free, Danc - ing down the hill-side,
2. See the seeth - ing wa - ter, White as o - cean's foam, As it mad - ly dash - es
3. Pure life - giv - ing wa - ter, Flow - ing free to all! In its depth no ser - pent



Wind - ing o'er the lea; Bring - ing health and vig - or To the toil - ing man,  
 From its moun - tain home; See it in the foun - tain, Bub - bling forth in glee,  
 Lurks to cause man's fall; Sing a - loud its prais - es O - ver land and sea;

*Chorus.*

Flash - ing in the sun - light, Free from poison's ban. The crys - tal foun - tain, The  
 Wend - ing down its path - way, To the o - pen sea.  
 Clear and crys - tal wa - ter, Is the drink for me. The crystal, crystal.





crys - tal Foun tain! Its wa - ters clear to all are free, O that's the drink for me!  
 cry - stal crys tal

## HERE'S TO THE CRYSTAL CUP.

A. W. FRENCH.

W. T. GIFFE, *Fin.*

1 Here's to the crys - tal cup, Snow-white its rim, Filled with cold water up, Full to the brim.  
 2 Here's to the crys - tal cup, Chal-ice of truth, Ris-es no poi-son up There to harm youth.  
 Here's to the crys - tal cup, To it we'll cling, Lift-ing our voi - ces up, Gai - ly we'll sing.

*D.C. Chorus* Here's to the crys-tal cup, Cup-pure and free, Fill it with nec-tar up, Give it to me.

*D.C. for Chorus.*  
 Look at it flash and shine, Priceless and free; Fair er than ru - by wine, Is it to me.  
 See now its sparkling light Flash full and free, Nev-er wine ros - y bright, Henceforth for me.  
 Health, wealth and pleasure lives, Here ever free, Joys that cold wa - ter gives, On - ly for me.

## HEAR THE VOICE OF JESUS CALLING.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard"—Matt. 21: 28.

R. B. M.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.



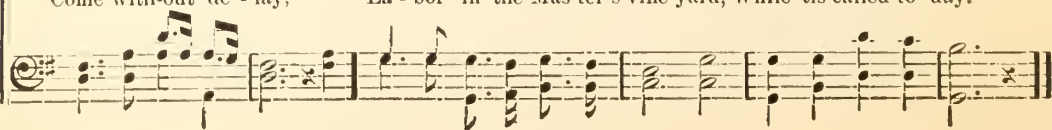
1. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Lo! the fields are white; Work while yet the sun is  
 2. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Why de - lay so long? Man - y precious souls are  
 3. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Hark - en while you may, En - ter *now* the Mas - ter's

*Chorus.*

shin - ing, Ere the com - ing night. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing,  
 fall - ing, Sa - tan's host is strong.  
 vine - yard, La - bor, watch and pray.



Come with - out de - lay, La - bor in the Mas - ter's vine - yard, While 'tis called to - day.

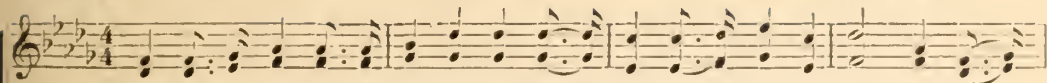


# STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

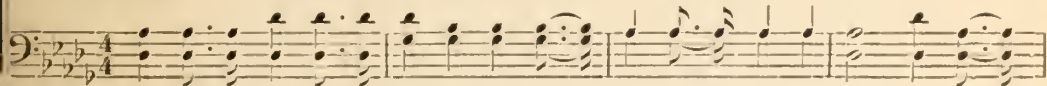
31

MRS. M. A. KIDDER

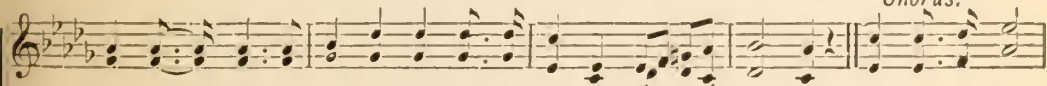
FRANK M. DAVIS.



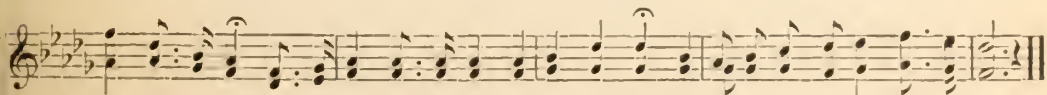
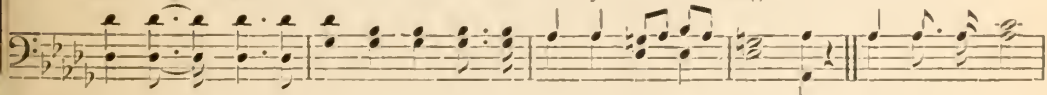
1. Strength for to-day, that the wea-ry hearts In the bat-tle for Right may quail not; And the
2. Strength for to-day, that our pre-cious youth, May hap-pi-ly shun temp-ta-tion, And
3. Strength for to-day, what a pre-cious boon, For the earn-est souls who la-bor, For the



*Chorus.*



eyes be-dimmed with bit-ter tears, In their search for light may fail not.  
 build from the rise to set of sun, On a sure and strong foun-da-tion. Strength for to-day,  
 will-ing hands that min-is-ter To the need-y friend or neigh-bor.



Strength for to-day, In the bat-tle for Right, which we must fight, Oh let us have the strength for to-day.



**HEAR THE VOICE OF JESUS CALLING.**

"Go work to-day in my vineyard"—Matt. 21:28.

R. B. M.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Lo! the fields are white; Work while yet the sun is

2. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Why de - lay so long? Man - y precious souls are

3. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Hark-en while you may, En - ter now the Mas-ter's

*Chorus.*

shin - ing, Ere the com-ing night. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing,  
fall - ing, Sa - tan's host is strong.  
vine - yard, La - bor, watch and pray.

Come with-out de-lay, La-bor in the Mas-ter's vine-yard, While 'tis called to-day.

# STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

31

MRS. M. A. KIDDER

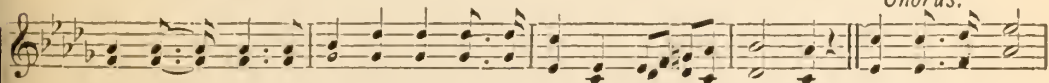
FRANK M. DAVIS.



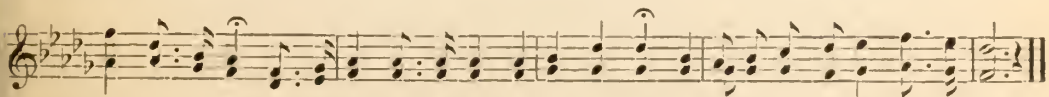
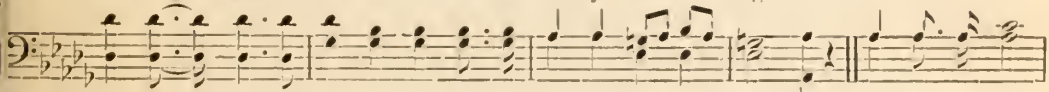
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*Chorus.*

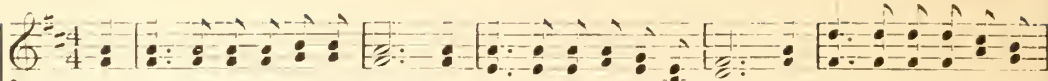


eyes be-dimmed with bit-ter tears, In their search for light may fail not.  
build from the rise to set of sun, On a sure and strong foun-da-tion. Strength for to-day,  
will-ing hands that min-is-ter To the need-y friend or neigh-bor.



Strength for to-day, In the bat-tle for Right, which we must fight, Oh let us have the strength for to-day.

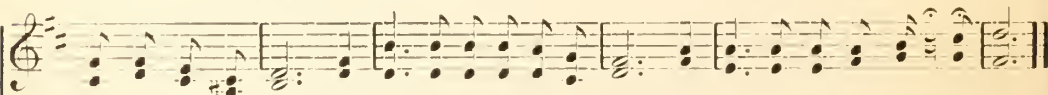




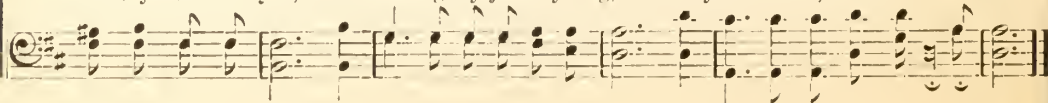
1. When, Lord, beneath thy heavy rod, In Nature's night, with sinful soul, I feel thy ter-ror, oh, my
2. While in this state I learn'd of one, The Saviour, ev'ry sinner's friend, Who, dying, cried, "'Tis done, 'tis
3. And now up-on the mount I stand, And view fair Canaan's landscape o'er; Point sinners to the glory-



God! And hor-rors fierce-ly round me roll; While shrinking then beneath thy sword, I knew the done!" And par-don to my soul did send. With joy-ous cry I then a-rose, And joined the land, My heav'n, my home for-ev-er more. Now sweet-ly to the cross I cling, In Je-sus'



meaning weigh'd the cost, And trembling at the frightful word, And, shrinking, cried, "I'm lost! I'm lost!" heav'nly harper's sound; And shouted loud, midst friends and foes, "Praise ye the Lord, I'm found, I'm found!" blood my soul I lay'd, And all a-long my journey sing, "Praise ye the Lord, I'm saved! I'm saved!"



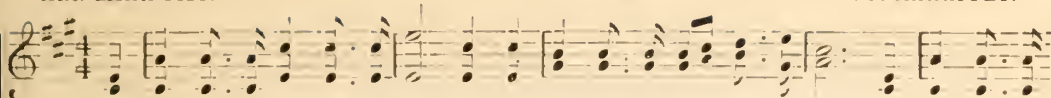


# THE LITTLE ARMY.

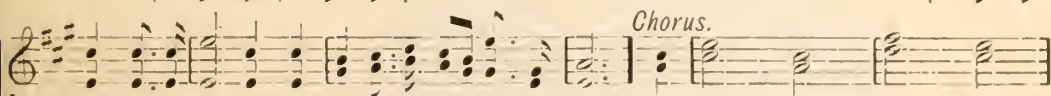
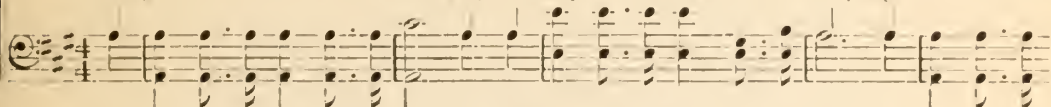
33

MRS. EMMA PITT.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.



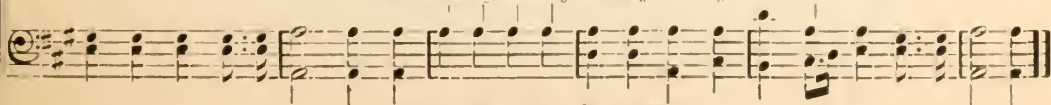
1. Come join the bright ranks of our ar-my. The Sunday-school for-ces are we; Come now, we are
2. Now Je-sus, our Cap-tain, is call-ing, The Sav-iour, who loves you so true; Come, now seek his
3. Then gird on the ar-mor for Je-sus, That Cap-tain so brave now de-fend; Fight on, faith-ful



marching to Zi-on, When hap-py we ev-er shall be. We're march-ing, march-ing,  
par-don and mer-cy, While still he is wait-ing for you.  
sol-diers of Zi-on, Your vic-t'ry is sure to the end. We're march-ing, march-ing, march-ing, march-ing,



march-ing on-ward to Zi-on, We're march-ing, march-ing, We're marching on-ward to Zi-on.  
We're march-ing, march-ing, march-ing, march-ing on,



## RING OUT THE BATTLE CRY.

Rev. ROBERT KERR,

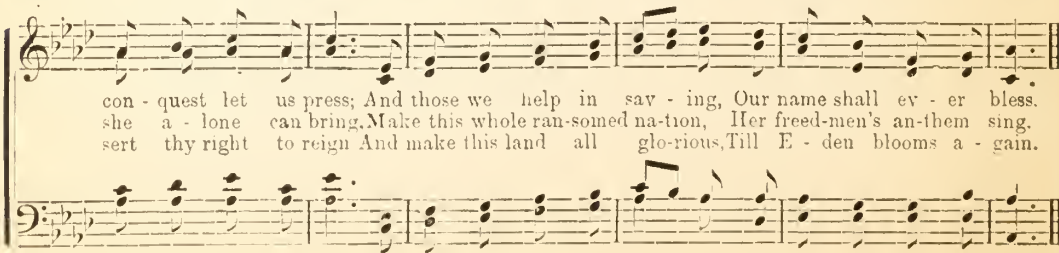
W. T. GIFFE.



1. Our Fath - er - land for Temp'rance, Ring out the bat - tle cry; Let in-spir - a - tion  
 2. Our Fath - er - land for Temp'rance! The land the pil-grims trod, Is hers who comes to  
 3. Our Fath - er - land for Temp'rance! All hail the hap-py day, When from Rum's chains she



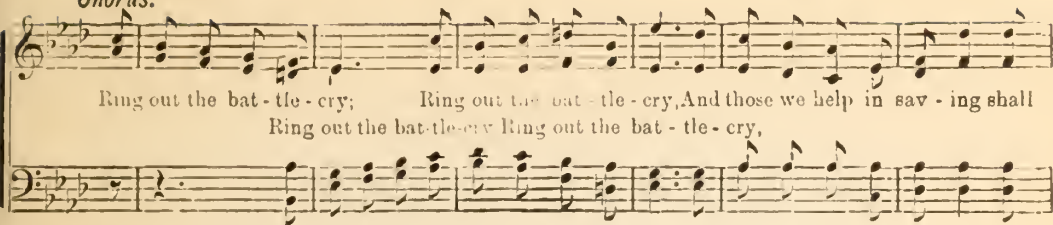
seize us To con - quer wrong or die; Her stand - ard prond-ly wav - ing, To  
 ease us, Of Sa - tan's gall - ing load; Soon may the con - sum - ma - tion, Which  
 frees us, To own her lov - ing sway; A - rise, O cause vic - to - rious! As -



con - quest let us press; And those we help in sav - ing, Our name shall ev - er bless.  
 she a - lone can bring. Make this whole ran-somed na-tion, Her freed-men's an-them sing.  
 sert thy right to reign And make this land all glo-rious, Till E - den blooms a - gain.



## Chorus.

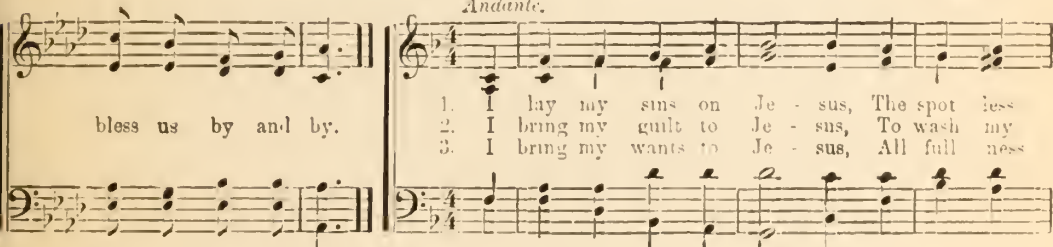


Ring out the bat - tle - cry;      Ring out the bat - tle - cry, And those we help in sav - ing shall  
Ring out the bat - tle - cry Ring out the bat - tle - cry,

## ALTOONA. 7s & 6s.

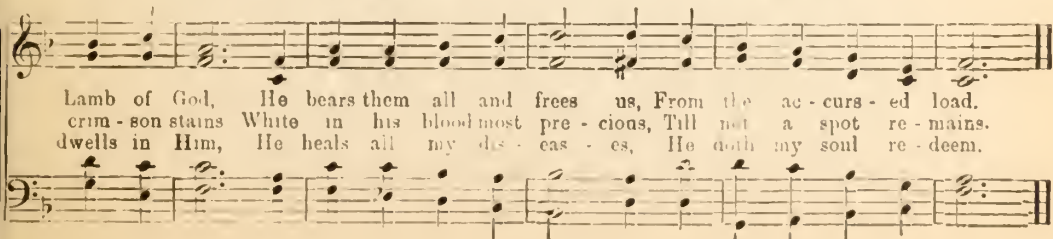
J. H. LESLIE.

### Andante.



bless us by and by.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot less
2. I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my
3. I bring my wants to Je - sus, All full ness



Lamb of God, He bears them all and frees us, From the ac - curs - ed load.  
crim - son stains White in his blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.  
dwells in Him, He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem.

E. R. LATTA.

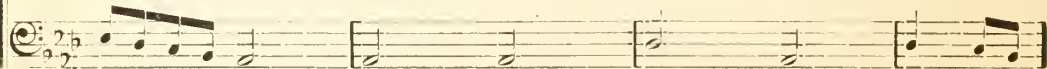
R. B. MAHAFFEY.



1. We are thro' the des-ert go-ing, 'Mid the burning sand and heat; And our hearts are oft discouraged, And we
2. We are thro' the des-ert go-ing, And as still we forward move, Day by day the Lord supplies us With the
- 3- We are thro' the des-ert go-ing, Go-ing at the Lord's command; Like the Is-rael-ites we journey, Journey

**Inst.**

tread with wea-ry feet. We are seek-ing for a coun-try, Where no ill will e'er be-tide; We shall nev-er more be  
man-na of His love. If from thirst our spir-its languish, And our lot is hard to bear, Lo! the streams of liv-ing  
to the promised land. We shall cross the Jor-dan riv-er, And the heav'nly Canaan gain, And for - ev - er and for-

*Chorus.*

weary, When we reach the other side, We shall never more be weary, When we reach the other side. The other  
waters, Flowing free-ly every-where, Lo! the streams of living waters, Flowing freely every-where. Will be our  
ev-er, With the angel throng remain, And for-ev-er and for-ev-er With the angel throng remain.



1st time. 2d time.

side, where grief or care Can never come to mar our joy,  
home with Christ to dwell, Where happiness [Omit . . . . .] and joy abide, and joy abide.  
The other side, where grief or care Can never come to mar our joy,  
Will be our home, with Christ to dwell, Where happiness [Omit . . . . .] and joy abide.

E. R. LATTA.

## SEEKING JESUS EARLY.

H. H. HARRIS.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { I will seek the Saviour ear-ly, As the Scriptures bid me do,  
Lest my heart by sin be hardened, And my [Omit. . . . .] Lord be hid from view. Ere my feet a-far have  
2. { I will seek the Saviour ear-ly, Slighting not his lov-ing call: deem us from the fall. He de-serves my ev'-ry  
3. { For He gave himself a ran-som, To re-[Omit. . . . .] deem us from the fall. He de-serves my ev'-ry  
{ I will seek the Saviour ear-ly, And to oth-ers I will show His on earth be-low. In His foot-steps I will  
{ That there is no oth-er serv-ice Sweet as [Omit. . . . .] His on earth be-low. In His foot-steps I will

wan-dered In the wind-ing ways of sin, I will seek the nar-row pathway, And will strive to walk there-in.  
mo-ment, And what-er I call my own; And, as long as life en-dur-eth, I will live for Him a-lone.  
fol-low, Be the path-way plain or dim, Till He gent-ly calls me homeward, To be ev-er-more with Him.

## TARRY NOT LONG AT THE WINE.

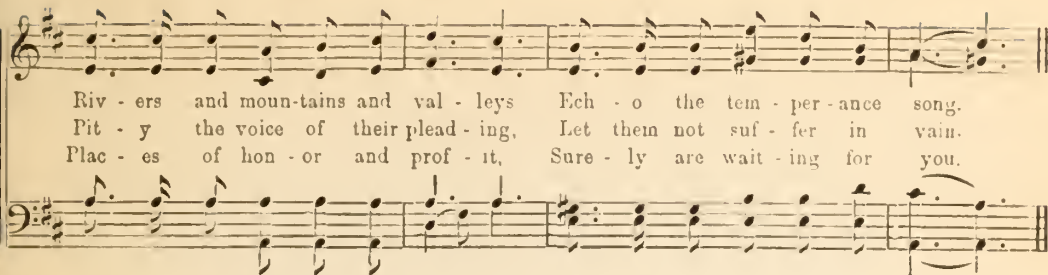
MRS. MARY E. KAIL.  
*Con Spirito.*

J. H. LESLIE.

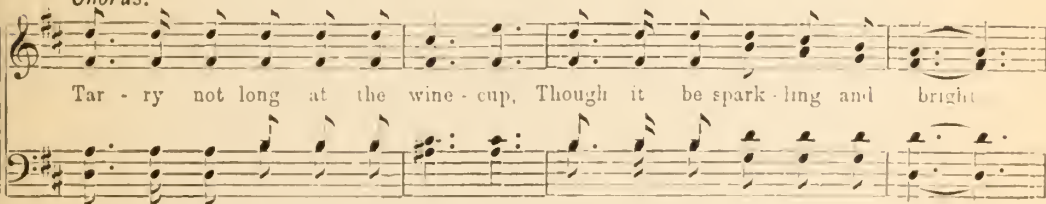
1. Grand - ly our ar - mies are ris - ing, Ris - ing all o - ver the land;  
2. Deep in the ter - ri - ble wine - cup, Un - der its ven - om - ous flow,  
3. Ye who are tempt - ed and fal - len, Look to the Sa - vior a - bove,

Wel - come the peo - ple are shout - ing, Wel - come the tem - per - ance band;  
Mis - er - y lurks like a de - mon, Plot - ting dis - as - ter and woe;  
Turn from your sin and find shel - ter Un - der the ban - ner of love;

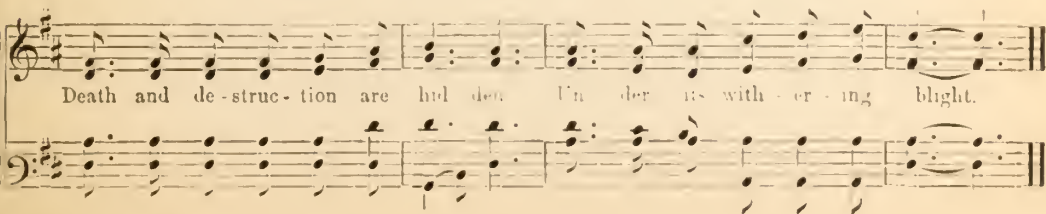
Send the glad news on the breez - es, While we go march - ing a - long,  
Wo - men and chil - dren are weep - ing, Weep - ing in sor - row and pain,  
Turn from dis - grace and the wine - cup, Bid them for - ev - er a - dien,



Riv - ers and moun-tains and val - leys Ech - o the tem - per - ance song.  
Pit - y the voice of their plead - ing, Let them not suf - fer in vain.  
Plac - es of hon - or and prof - it, Sure - ly are wait - ing for you.

*Chorus.*

Tar - ry not long at the wine - cup, Though it be spark - ling and bright



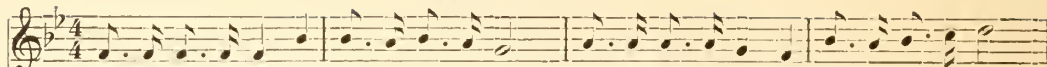
Death and de - struc - tion are hid - den Un - der us with - er - ing blight.

## SIGNAL FOR A PILOT

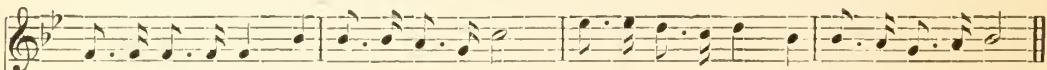
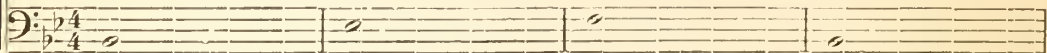
ARTHUR W. FRENCH

(Solo and Chorus.)

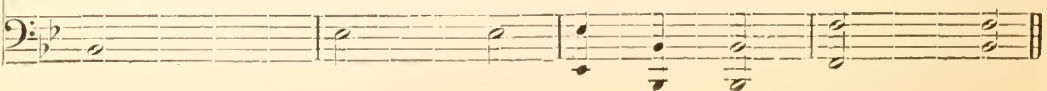
FRANK M. DAVIS.



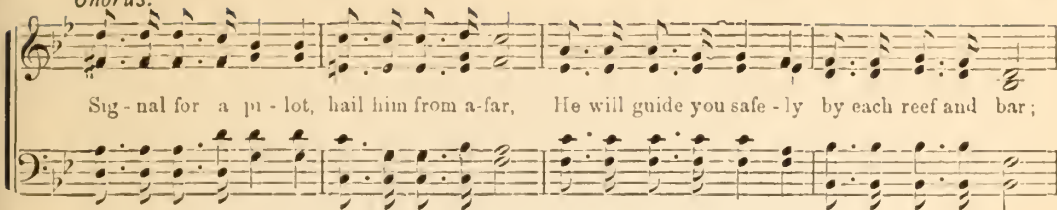
1. Sailing o'er life's ocean, Where the storms prevail, Tho' the good ship weathers Every passing gale,
2. Skies of blue above you, May seem bright and fair, Softest breezes blowing Round your pathway there,
3. In the night and darkness, You may lose the way, And the lights you trusted Send no guiding ray.



There are rocks and dangers All a-long the shore, Bars and reefs and breakers Near you ev - er-more.  
 Soon you on the bil-lows May be tempest-toss'd. And before the morn-ing Wreck'd and ever lost.  
 Do not grow discouraged Tho' the waves o'erwhelm Thro' the raging tempest, Cling un-to the helm.





*Chorus.*


Sig - nal for a pi - lot, hail him from a - far, He will guide you safe - ly by each reef and bar ;



He will come to help you, Ere it be too late, Sig - nal for a pi - lot, Je - sus will a - wait.

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Nearer to thee,

E'en though it be a cross

That raiseth me ;

Still all my song shall be

||: Nearer, my God, to Thee ; :||

Nearer to Thee !

2 Though like a wanderer,

Daylight all gone,

Darkness be over me.

My rest a stone ;

Yet in my dreams I'd be

||: Nearer, my God, to Thee ; :||

Nearer to Thee !

3 Or, if on joyful wing,

Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon, and stars forget,

Upward I fly ;

Still all my song shall be—

||: Nearer, my God, to Thee ; :||

Nearer to Thee !



## FILL UP THE CUP.

MARIA STRAUB.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Thirs - ty flow - er, hark the sound, Rain-drops fall-ing on the ground. Raise thy head and  
 2. All thy fresh-ness now re-gain, With the beau-teous fall-ing rain; 'Tis not for the  
 3. Droop-ing flow - er, bless - ings free, Fall a - round us you and me, Free - ly take the

*Chorus.*  
 lift thy cup, With the rain-drops fill it up.  
 grass a-lone, Take the bless-ing as thine own. Droop-ing flow - er. heed thy call,  
 heav-enly dow'r Faint-ing heart and droop-ing flow'r.

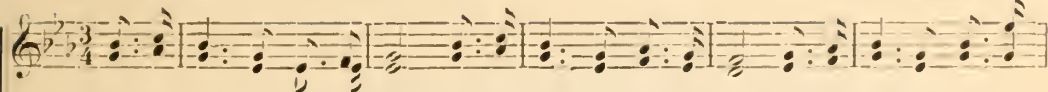
Lift thy cup, hold it up, Catch the bless-ings as they fall, Lift thy cup, fill it up.

# FLASH THE TOPLIGHTS.

43

ARTHUR V. FRENCH.

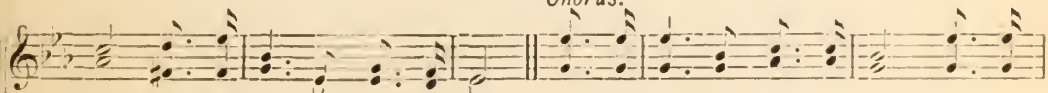
FRANK M. DAVIS.



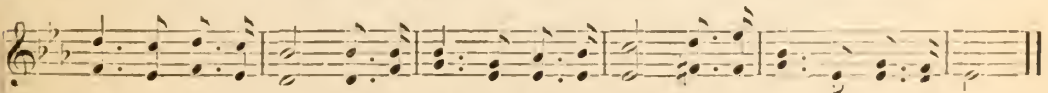
1. Out to sea 'mid storm-y gales, As the good ship Temp'rance sails, Let each warnings sig - nal
2. As the night and shad-ows creep, O - ver all the might-y deep, Safe ly set a - right in
3. Stead-y stand be - side the helin, Tho' the wa - ters most o'erwhelm, Soon up-right ed you sha-
4. Rock and reefs and shift-ing bars, With per-haps no guid-ing stars, Danger lies on ev - ry



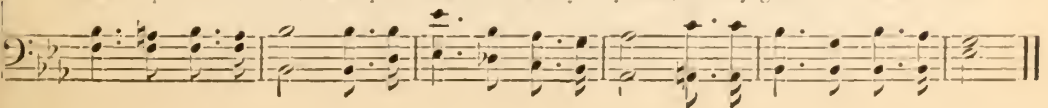
*Chorus.*



light Up a - loft be burn - ing bright.  
 care, Ev - 'ry warn-ing sig - nal there. Flash the top - lights far and wide' Tem - pest  
 be, Let the lamp - shine out to sea.  
 hand, Trum - pet forth this one com - mand.



tossed up - on the tide, Some poor wrecked one they may save, As they gleam a - cross the wave.

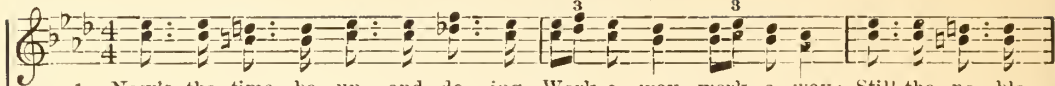


## NOW'S THE TIME.

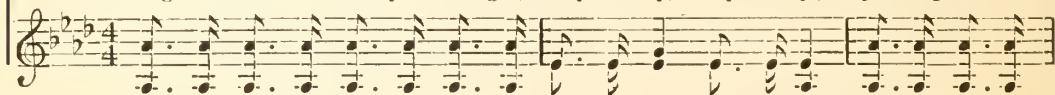
ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

(For Ladies' Voices.)

R. B. MAHAFFEY, By per.



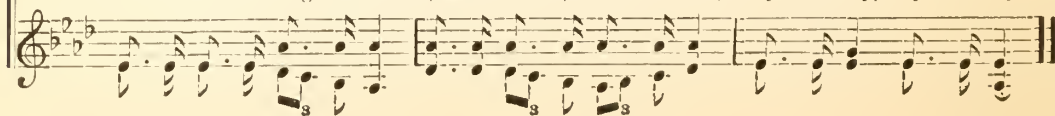
1. Now's the time, be up and do - ing, Work a - way, work a - way; Still the no - ble
2. La - bor on with firm en - deav - or, Don't de - spair, don't de - spair; From your pur - pose
3. Though the clouds a - round you lin - ger, They will fly, they will fly; Hope still points with



cause pur - su - ing, Night and day, night and day; Do not fal - ter, keep a - long,  
 wav - er nev - er, Have a care, have a care; Crush the wrong and raise the right,  
 earn - est fin - ger To the sky, to the sky; From a - bove must come your aid;



Right shall triumph o - ver wrong, This the bur - den of your song, Clear the way, clear the way.  
 In the thick - est of the fight, Bat - tle on in faith and might, Ev - 'ry - where, ev - 'ry - where.  
 He that well all things hath made, Will re - ward, be not a - afraid, By and by, by and by.



# DON'T CROSS THE LINE, BOYS!

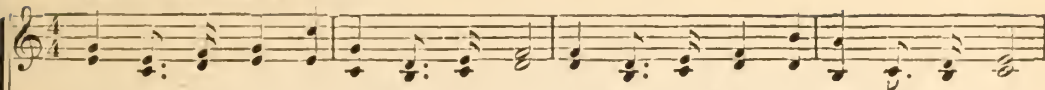
45

E. R. LATTA.

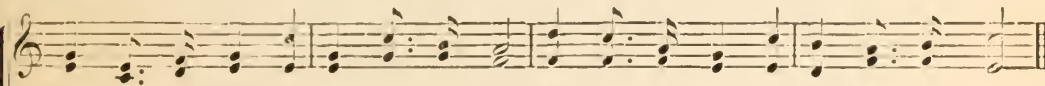
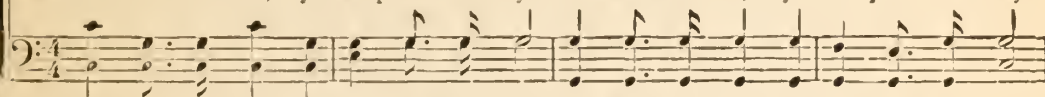
Inscribed to N. FENNER, Esq. Edgarwood, Iowa

J. H. LESLIE.

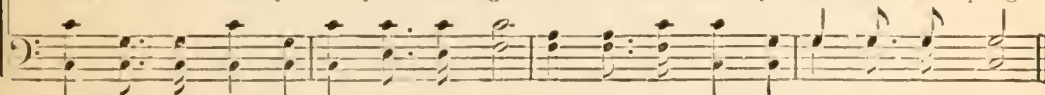
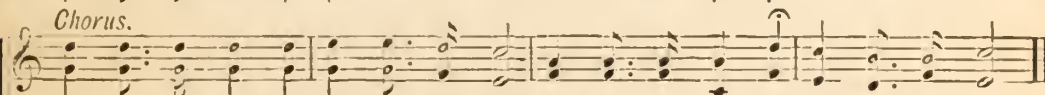
Solo or Quartette, with Chorus.



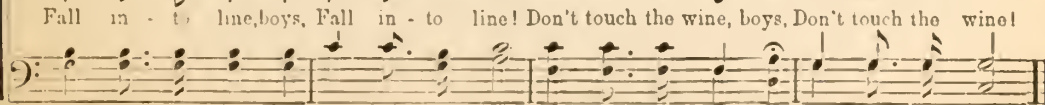
1. Don't cross the line, boys! Heed what we say! Don't touch the wine, boys! Keep clear a - way!
2. Don't cross the line, boys! Guard well your feet! Of - fers de - cline, boys. Of - fers to treat!
3. Don't cross the line, boys! Keep white the page! Come now and sign, boys! Come sign the pledge!
4. Don't cross the line, boys! Keep clear a - way! Let us com - bine, boys! Con - quer we may!



Ru in a - waits you! Risk not the fall! Stand in your man-hood! Yield not at all!  
Think not to tam-per, E - ven with beer! Flee from the ser-pent! Dan-ger is near!  
Rum, gin and bran-dy, Drive to the wall! Think not to tri - fle! Taste not at all!  
Come one and all, boys, Come, youth and age! Heed now the call, boys! Come sign the pledge!

*Chorus.*

Fall in - to line, boys, Fall in - to line! Don't touch the wine, boys, Don't touch the wine!



## THE FIRST SOCIAL GLASS.

VIOLET E. KING,

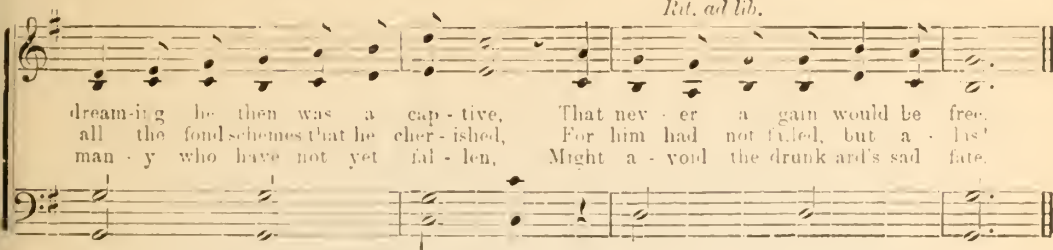
(Solo or Duet and Chorus.)

FRANK M. DAVIS.

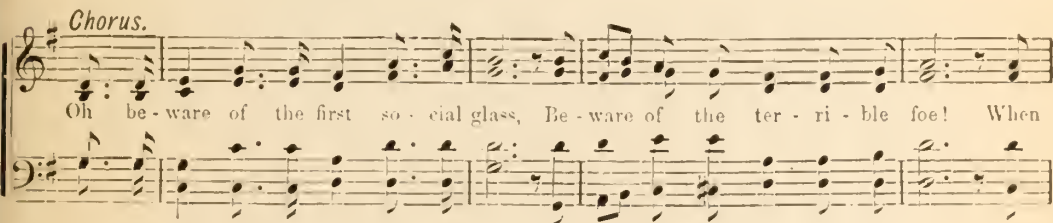
1. In a bright home re-splend-ent with beau - ty, Were gath-ered the young and the fair, But  
 2. His path - way to fame had been lead - ing, His hopes for the fu - ture were fair, Tho'  
 3. He drank un - til rea - son was cloud - ed, And ev - 'ry bright prospect had fled, The

'mid all the glit - ter - ing splen - dor, Temp - ta - tion was of - fered: and there He  
 no - ble and high was his pur - pose, He fell in in - i - qui - ty's snare; Ah,  
 fu - ture for him gave no prom - ise, For dark was the life that he led, Oh,

drank the first glass, lit - tle think - ing That ev - er a drunk - ard he'd be Ne'er  
 if he had on - ly re - sist - ed When chal-lenged to take the first glass, Then  
 if ev - 'ry one would take warn - ing, Ere yet 'tis for - ev - er too late, Then

*Rit. ad lib.*


dream-ing he then was a cap-tive, That nev-er a gain would be free.  
all the fond schemes that he cher-ished, For him had not failed, but a-lis'  
man-y who have not yet fal-len, Might a-void the drunkard's sad fate.

*Chorus.*


Oh be-ware of the first so-cial glass, Be-ware of the ter-ri-ble foe! When

*Rit ad lib.*


tempt-ed fear not to re-fuse, 'Twill save you from ru-in and woe.



## "COME UNTO ME."

*Duet.*

(Anthem.)

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

Come un-to me, all ye that la-bor, and are heavy la-den, Come un-to me, and

I will give you rest, I will give you rest. will give you rest, give you rest.

*Chorus.*

Take my yoke up-on you, and learn of me; Take my yoke up-

on you, and learn of me, For I am meek and low-ly, For



*Trio.*

I am meek and low-ly, For I am meek and low-ly in heart. Ye shall find

rest un-to your souls, Ye shall find rest un-to your souls, For my yoke is

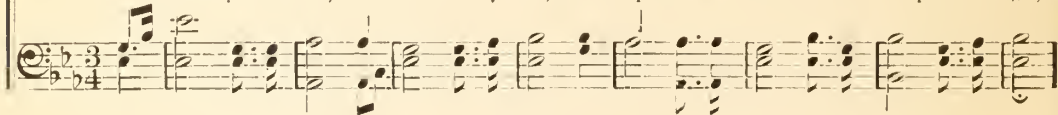
*Chorus.*

ea-sy, and my bur-den is light, For my yoke is ea-sy, and my bur-den is light.

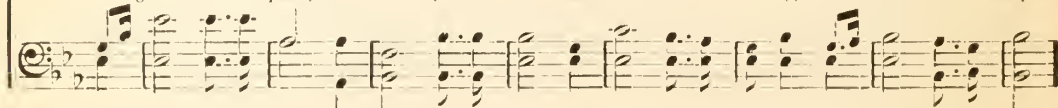
Words and Music by REV. HIRAM SEARS, By per.

*Con espressione*

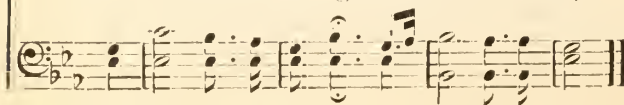
1. As through the dark mist I pen-sive-ly gazed, And longed for the lights on the far dis-tant shore.  
 2. A glo-ri-ous land, with moun-tains su-blime, Now breaks on my sight, with its splen-dors un-told,  
 3. The Cit-y of God, tran-scen-dent-ly fair, Looms up from a-far with its ram-parts so high;



The clouds rolled a-way, and I was a-mazed, At vis-ions of beau-ty, ne'er dreamed of be-fore.  
 A won-der-ful land, a won-der-ful clime, Where "wa-ters go flash-ing through val-leys of gold."  
 Its gates are of pearl, and balm-y the air, Its ban-ners are wav-ing, its domes reach the sky.



At vis-ions of beau-ty, ne'er dreamed of be-fore.  
 Where "wa-ters go flash-ing through val-leys of gold."  
 Its ban-ners are wav-ing, its domes reach the sky.



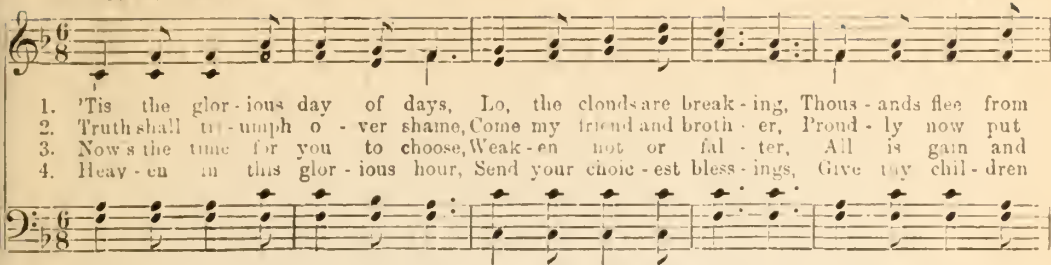
- 4 The beautiful forms of millions I see,  
 In city and plain, on the mountain and shore,  
 Their voices I hear, they beckon to me,  
 O vision of beauty, abide ever more,  
 O vision of beauty, abide ever more.
- 5 O Jesus, my God! thy name will I praise,  
 For Thou hast prepared such a heaven for me,  
 To thee, unto thee for riches of grace,  
 All glory and honor lor ever shall be,  
 All glory and honor for ever shall be.

# WHO'LL RESIGN THE RUBY WINE?

51

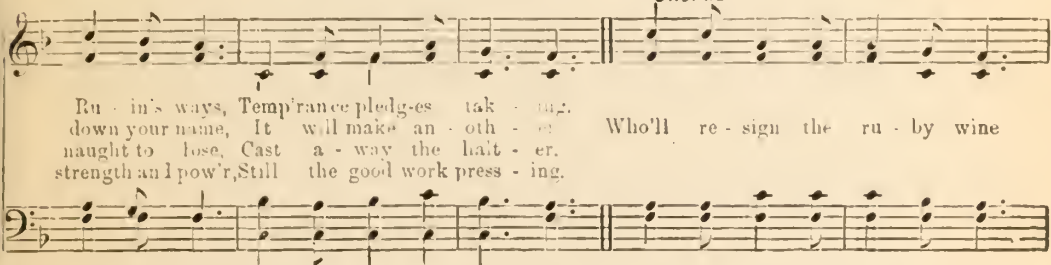
ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

W. H. BURGETT.



1. 'Tis the glor - ious day of days, Lo, the clouds are break - ing, Thous - ands flee from  
 2. Truth shall tri - umph o - ver shame, Come my friend and broth - er, Proud - ly now put  
 3. Now's the time for you to choose, Weak - en not or fal - ter, All is gain and  
 4. Heavy - en in this glor - ious hour, Send your choic - est bless - ings, Give thy chil - dren

## Chorus.



Ru - in's ways, Tem - perance pledg - es tak - ing,  
 down your name, It will make an - oth - er Who'll re - sign the ru - by wine  
 naught to lose, Cast a - way the halt - er,  
 strength and pow'r, Still the good work press - ing.



Who will dare for - sake it? God be praised your hands are raised, This is the pledge, come and take it.

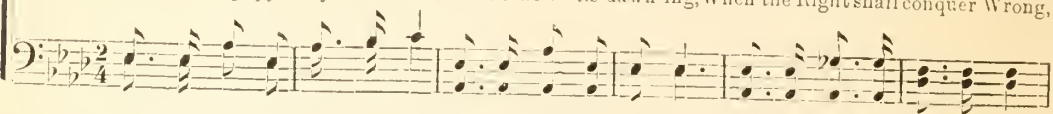
## BETTER TIMES ARE COMING.

(For Male Voices.)

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Vigorously.*

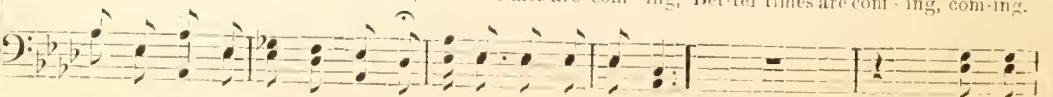
1. Here we are an earn-est throng. Bound to save the na-tion, Stur-dy sire and gal-lant son.
2. From the workshop and the farm We have come to la-lor, From the grasp of gi-ant Rum.
3. Ours the task to save the land. From the reign of Bac-chus; Ours the nerve and stead-y hand.
4. Soon the hap-py day will come. Ev-en now 'tis dawn-ing, When the Right shall conquer Wrong.

*Chorus.*

Men of ev-ry sta-tion.  
 We will save our neighbor. Bet-ter times are com-ing, boys, Bet-ter times are com-ing,  
 When his friends at-tack us.  
 In the good time com-ing.

*For last verse ad lib., or every verse.*

Cheer the flag and swell the cho-rus, Bet-ter times are com-ing, Bet-ter times are com-ing, com-ing.



*Ret ad lib.*

Bet-ter times are com-ing, com-ing, Cheer the flag and swell the cho-rus, Bet-ter times are coming.

This block contains the musical score for the song 'Better Times Are Coming'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, accessible style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes. The phrase 'Ret ad lib.' is written above the final measure of the treble staff.

# GOD SPEED THE DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Godspeed the day when all man-kind, In Tem-per - ance shall dwell, And in its wondrous  
2. Throughout the world from sea to sea, Stretch forth, oh God, thy hand, And let the light that  
3. Let truth and right prevail to-day, While this the song we raise: Thine be the hon - or.

bless - ings find, Tho joys no lips can tell, Tho joys no lips can tell  
makes men free Fall n our fa vored land, Fall in our fa - vored land  
pow r al way, In glo ry and in praise, In glo ry and in praise

This block contains the musical score for the song 'God Speed the Day'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, accessible style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes. The score includes three verses of lyrics, each corresponding to a line of music. The lyrics are written in a simple, accessible style.

## TOTAL ABSTINENCE FOREVER.

E. R. LATTA.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Who the wreck- ed drink can num-ber, As they crowd the stream of time? Who can  
 2. We have seen the wretch- ed vic-tim, As he stag-gered down the street; We have  
 3. We have seen the tat-tered gar-ments, Of the drunk-ard's wife and child, When the

reck-on all the sor-row? Who can meas-ure all the crime? From the de-mon's dread do-  
 seen his wife and chil-dren With-out an-y-thing to eat: From the pres-ence of the  
 earth with snow was cov-ered, And the win-try storm was wild; Oh, the cry-ing curse of

min-ion Let us ev-er-more be free! "To-tal ab-sti-nence for-ev-er." This our  
 mon-ster, Friends and brothers, let us flee! "To-tal ab-sti-nence for-ev-er." This our  
 li-quer! Oh, the shame and mis-er-y! "To-tal ab-sti-nence for-ev-er." This our



musical score for 'Total Abstinence Forever'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'mot - to still shall be, "To - tal ab - sti - nence for - ev - er." This our mot - to still shall be.'

## GOD IS WITH HIS PEOPLE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN

Arranged from one of the Freedmen's  
melodies by F. M. D.*Chorus.*

musical score for 'God is with His People'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'The hosts of sin are ver - y strong, And yet the bat - tle will not be long. Fill up the ranks in close ar - ray, And press the battle for God to - day. For God is with His Up - lift the standard, take the sign, And pass the watchword along the line. peo - ple, For God is with His peo - ple, For God is with His peo - ple, To give them the vic - to - ry.'

## A CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. My God! in me Thy might-y pow'r ex - ert, En-light-en, com-fort, sanc-ti - fy my heart;  
 2. I want to bring poor sin-ners to Thy throne, I want to love and hon-or Christ a-lone;  
 3. I want to do what-ev-er God re-quires, I want my heart to burn with pure de-sires;

Make mild my tem-per, and sub-due my will; Make me like Je-sus, with Thy Spir-it fill.  
 I want to feel the Spir-it's in-ward pow'r, And stand prepared for Death's im-por-tant hour.  
 I want to be what Christ, my Lord, commands, And leave my-self, my all in His dear hands.

*D.S.*—I want to im-i-tate my Sav-iour's life, A-void-ing van-i-ty and sin-ful strife.  
*D.S.*—I want a liv-ing sac-ri-fice to be To Him who died a sac-ri-fice for me.  
*D.S.*—Learn me thro' life to glo-ri-fy thy grace, And af-ter death to see Thee face to face.

I want to live on earth a life of faith, I want to cred-it all the bi-ble saith;  
 I want a meek, a qui-et, gen-tle frame, A heart that glows with love to Je-sus' name;  
 O Lord, pour out Thy Spir-it on my soul, My will, my tem-per, and my heart con-trol;

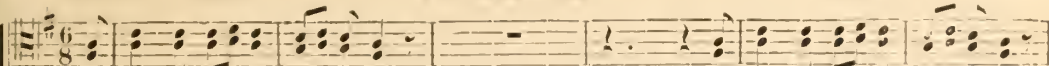
# THAT IS SO.

57

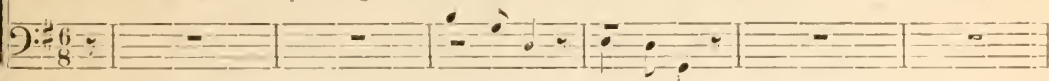
ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

For Male Voices.)

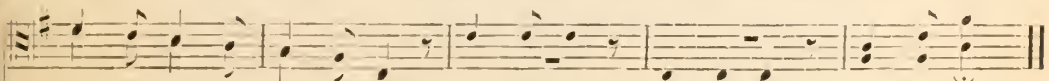
FRANK M. DAVIS



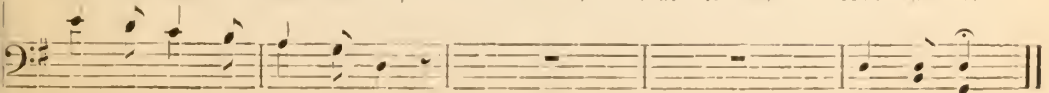
1. We used to drink the sparkling wine, That is so, that is so, We thought it tasted ver-y fine.
2. In festive hours the glass went round, That is so, that is so. Our heads went too with jump and bound,
3. We drank to cure some fancied pain, That is so, that is so, And sometimes it was but Cham-pagne.
1. No more we taste the sparkling wine, That is so, that is so, We've sworn its fol-lies to re-sign



That is so, that is so, We proud-ly fill'd and lift-ed up Un - to our lips the ru - by cup. How  
That is so, that is so, Our tongues wagged too in merry talk We could not if we had to walk Quite  
That is so, that is so, We quaff'd the nec-tar ev-ery-where To ban-ish from our hearts each care How  
That is so, that is so, We care not now for fool-ish pride With wa-ter we are sat - is - fied, Hence



fool-ish we such stuff to sup That is so, that is so, That is so,  
straight up-on a line of drink, That is so, that is so, That is so,  
strange that we such thoughts could share, That is so, that is so, That is so,  
tooth we cast all else a-side, That is so, that is so, That is so.

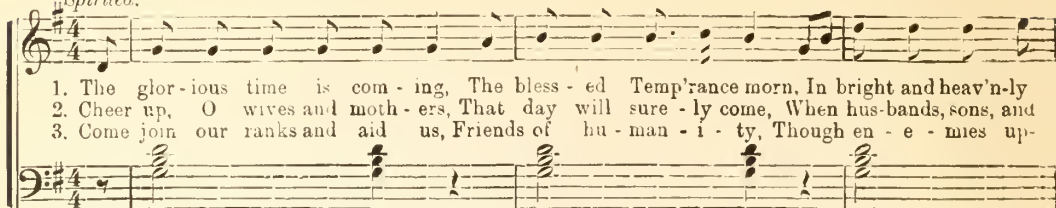


## WE'LL GAIN THE DAY AT LAST.

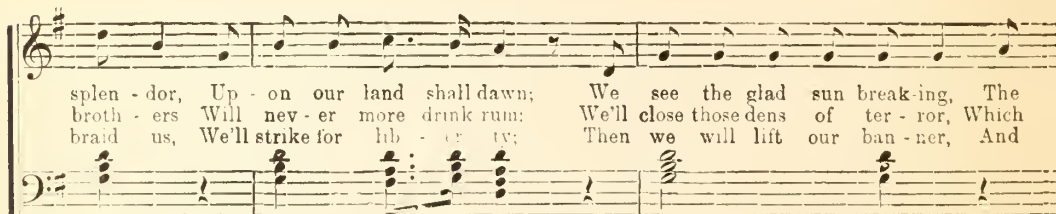
Dedicated to Francis Murphy, Col. Caldwell, Capt. Sturdevant, E, Robinson and others, by Mr. and Mrs Wilson.  
MRS. EMMA GATES CONKLING.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

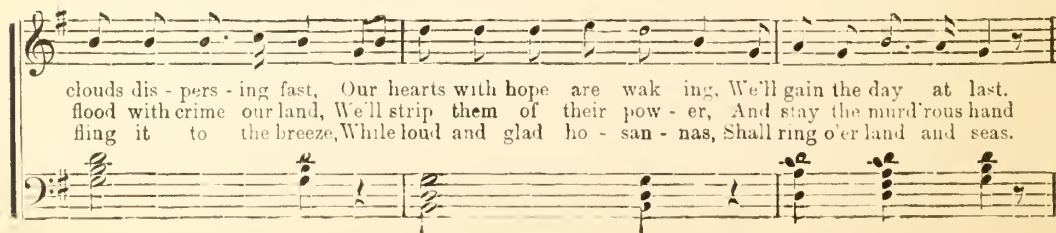
*Spirited.*



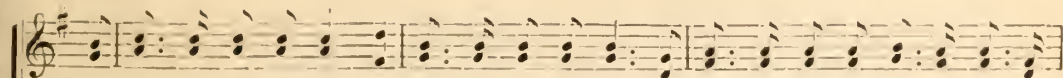
1. The glor - ious time is com - ing, The bless - ed Temp'rance morn, In bright and heav'n-ly  
2. Cheer up, O wives and moth - ers, That day will sure - ly come, When hus - bands, sons, and  
3. Come join our ranks and aid us, Friends of hu - man - i - ty, Though en - e - mies up -



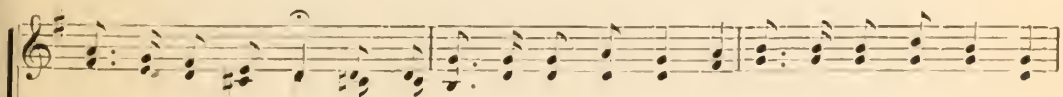
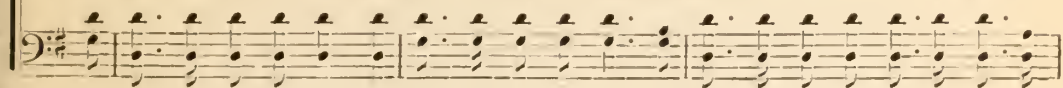
splen - dor, Up - on our land shall dawn; We see the glad sun break - ing, The  
broth - ers Will nev - er more drink rum; We'll close those dens of ter - ror, Which  
braid us, We'll strike for lib - er - ty; Then we will lift our ban - ner, And



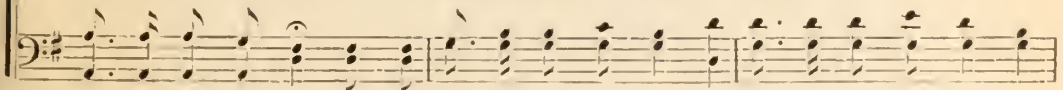
clouds dis - pers - ing fast, Our hearts with hope are wak - ing, We'll gain the day at last.  
flood with crime our land, We'll strip them of their pow - er, And stay the murd'rous hand  
fling it to the breeze, While loud and glad ho - san - nas, Shall ring o'er land and seas.

*Chorus.*

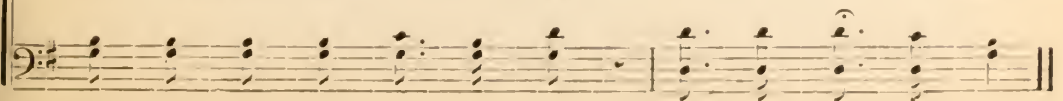
We'll gain the day at last, yes' gain the day at last, King Al - co - hol shall sure-ly fall. We'll



chain the de-mon fast. Yes we'll chain the de-mon fast friends, Chain the de-mon fast And



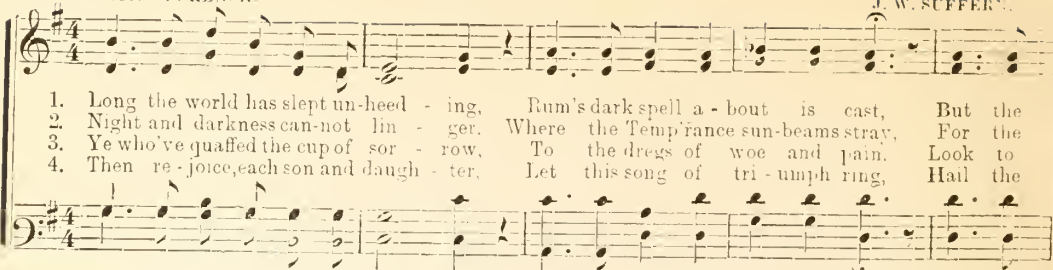
then we'll shout The world through-out Vic - to - ry at last.



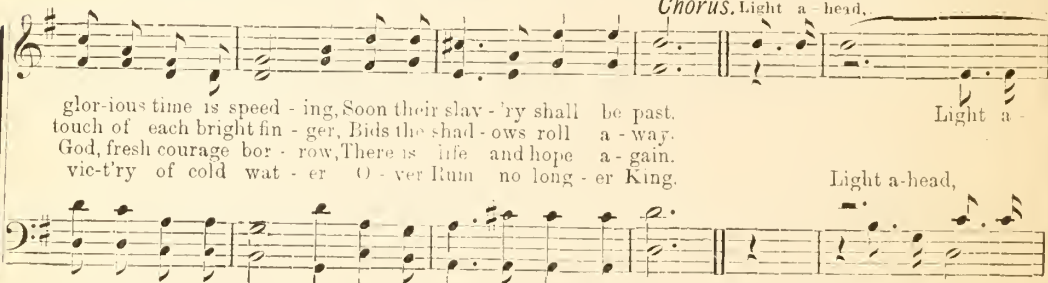
## LIGHT AHEAD.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

J. W. SUFFERN.



1. Long the world has slept un-heed - ing, Rum's dark spell a - bout is cast, But the  
 2. Night and darkness can-not lin - ger, Where the Tem-p'rance sun-beams stray, For the  
 3. Ye who've quaffed the cup of sor - row, To the dregs of woe and pain, Look to  
 4. Then re-joice, each son and daugh - ter, Let this song of tri - umph ring, Hail the

*Chorus, Light a-head,*


glor-ious time is speed - ing, Soon their slav - ry shall be past.  
 touch of each bright fin - ger, Bids the shad - ows roll a - way.  
 God, fresh courage bor - row, There is life and hope a - gain.  
 vic-t'ry of cold wat - er O - ver Rum no long - er King.

Light a -

Light a-head,

Now the prom - ised day has come.

head, the clouds are break - ing,

Light a - head,

Now the promised day has come.  
 the day has come.



# LIGHT AHEAD.—Concluded.

61

Cast a - side . . . . . the yoke of Rum.

When the world from sleep a - wak - ing, Cast a - side the yoke of Rum  
cast a - side

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes.

## TIE ON THE RED RIBBON.

G. D. HILL.  
*March Time.*

G. P. WRIGHT.

1. Tie on the Red Rib-bon And "Dare to do right" Just-o-ver your heart and in ev-ery ones' sight. Oh  
2. Tie on the Red Rib-bon, Your man-hood arouse, Young men who have join'd in the mid-night carouse, It is  
3. Tie on the Red Rib-bon, Oh, let it re-main, And swear to your Ma-ker that you will abstain And for-

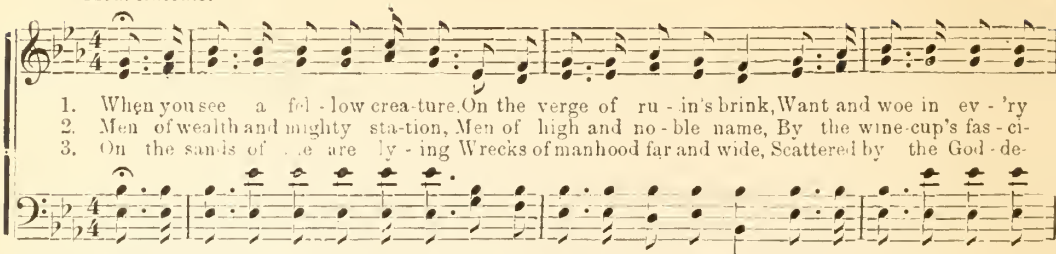
be not a-shamed to break loose from the chain, That dis-or-dered your bod-y, And cloud-ed your brain,  
nev-er too late to re-pent of your wrong, Let your moth-ers be-hold what They've pray'd for so long,  
ev-er re-frain from the cup that en-slaves, The foul cup that leads thou-sands to fill drunk-ard's graves

The musical score for 'TIE ON THE RED RIBBON.' is written in 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes. The score is divided into three parts, each corresponding to a different verse of the song.

## TAKE THE LESSON TO YOUR HEART.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.  
*Mod. staccato.*

A. J. ABBEY.



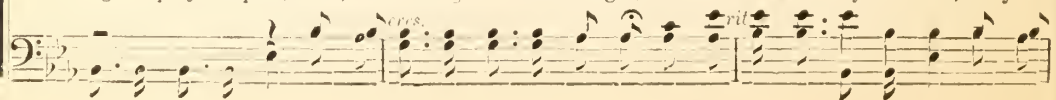
1. When you see a fel - low crea - ture, On the verge of ru - in's brink, Want and woe in ev - 'ry  
2. Men of wealth and mighty sta - tion, Men of high and no - ble name, By the wine - cup's fas - ci -  
3. On the sands of life are ly - ing Wrecks of manhood far and wide, Scattered by the God - de -

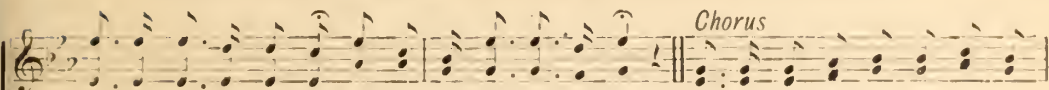


fea - ture From the curs - ed pow'r of drink, As he pass - es by you reel - ing, From the  
na - tion, Have gone down to graves of shame; One and all short hours of glo - ry Passed in  
fy - ing, Fick - le, cheat - ing, sub - tile tide; Crushed and beat - en they no long - er In life's




wine - cup's dead - ly art, While for him a pit - y feel - ing, Take the les - son to your heart, While for  
pleasures tempting mart, And their end the same old sto - ry, Take the les - son to your heart, And their  
chang - es play a part, Let your cour - age be the stronger, Take the les - son to your heart, Let your





him a pit - y feeling Take the les - son to your heart.  
 end the same old sto - ry Take the les - son to your heart. Learn to touch the wine - cly nev - er,  
 cour - age be the strong - er, Take the les - son to your heart.



From it as from death - de part. Once you're lost you re lost forev - er, Take the les - son to your heart.



## BACK TO BACK.

Tune: "Hold the Fort."

ARTHUR W. BRENCH.

1. See the enemy advancing,  
 Hither lies his track,  
 Then to arms and let us meet him,  
 Standing back to back.

2. In the tumult of the conflict  
 Never courage lack,  
 Keep your posts and wait the struggle,  
 Standing back to back.

*Chorus* — Back to back, stand firm and steady.  
 Waiting for the blow,  
 Yielding not an inch, be ready,  
 Hither comes the foe.

3. Keep together, don't be frightened,  
 By the first attack;  
 Strike for God and strike to conquer,  
 Standing back to back.

E. R. LATTA.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. There's a mansion waiting for each sin-less child That doth fol-low Je-sus in faith and love; And when da y shall close,  
 2. There's a mansion waiting for each Christian soul That doth serve the Master in word and deed; And when life shall close,  
 3. There's a mansion waiting, ev-er waiting there, And a crown of glo-ry for all to gain; There's a meeting time

*Chorus.*

and the e-ven come, They shall there a-bide in the home a-bove. Oh, let a man-sion  
 to that man-sion bright Ho-ly an-gels then shall the spir-it lead.  
 with the friends we love, Where for-ev-er-more they are free from pain. Oh, let a man-sion

there be mine, . . . . A-mong the saints, . . . . in white ar-rayed; . . . . Oh, let me  
 there be mine, there be mine, A-mong the saints, in white ar-rayed:

*Rit. ....*

wear up-on my brow A crown of life that ne'er shall fade.  
Oh, let me wear up-on my brow, up-on my brow A crown of life that ne'er shall fade.

## "WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES."

REV. W. T. DALE.

"I will come again."—John 14: 3.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. "We'll wait till Je-sus comes," When dark temp-ta-tions rise, When storms of mal-ice rude-ly blow, And  
2. "We'll wait till Je-sus comes," In tri-al's fear-ful hour; When we are lan-guid and distress'd He  
3. "We'll wait till Je-sus comes," When world-ly cares op-press; We'll seek His aid and trust His grace, And  
4. "We'll wait till Je-sus comes," When clouds of sor-row fall; Though all a-round be dark as death, We'll  
5. "We'll wait till Je-sus comes," When death in-va-des our homes, We'll look be-yond this vale of tears, And

## Refrain.

clouds ob-scure the skies. We'll wait, we'll wait, we'll wait till Je-sus comes;  
comes with heal-ing pow'r. we'll [Omit . . . . .] wait till Je-sus comes.  
He our souls will bless.  
fol-low at His call.  
wait till Je-sus comes.

We'll wait, we'll wait,

## YIELD NOT TO THE TEMPTER.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Yield not to the tempt-er, Pass by and be free, For yield-ing is ru-in, And sorrow for thee,  
 2. Yield not to the tempt-er, Turn quickly a-way. Go min-gle with hon-or, In life's busy fray,  
 3. Yield not to the tempt-er, Be firm and be true, Ask God to in weakness Your courage re-new,

Why should you now bar-ter The jew-el of youth, With shame for your honor, And wrong for the truth?  
 Fall not from your sta-tion, What-ev-er it be, Keep clear from the danger. That beck-ons to thee.  
 To heav-en your prayers Send up-ward a-gain, That you may be ev-er A man a-mong men.

*Chorus.*

Yield not to the tempt-er, Pass by and be free. For yielding is ru-in And sor-row for thee.



# OLD THINGS DONE AWAY.

67

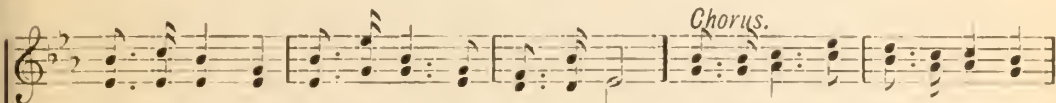
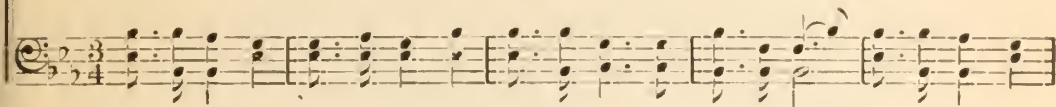
REV. S. K. WHEATLAKE.

R. B. MAHAFFEY, By per.

*Not too fast.*

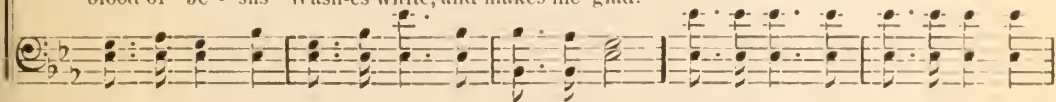


1. Once I was a wretch-ed sin - ner Go - ing down the way to doom ; Now I am an
2. Once the pow'rs of dark-ness bound me, Sub-ject of the wrath di-vine ; Now by grace my
3. Once an in - bred, ear - nal na - ture Stained my soul, and made it sad ; Now the pre-cious

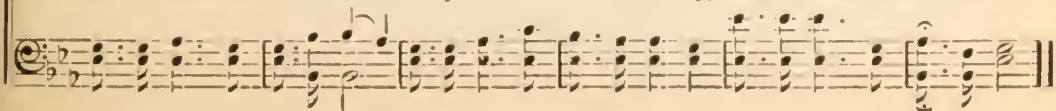


*Chorus.*

heir of glo - ry. Prais-ing God, and go - ing home. Oh, 'tis grace ! I'll tell the sto - ry—  
Sav-iour frees me—Smil-ing on me all the time.  
blood of Je - sus Wash-es white, and makes me glad.



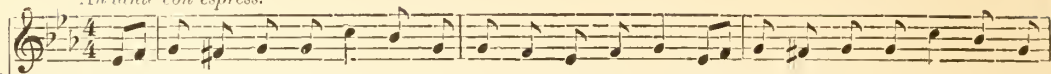
How He made me all a-new. On-ly in His cross I'll glo-ry, For He saves me thro' and thro'.



## MUST WE LEAVE THE OLD HOME?

V. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Allante con espress.*

1. Oh must we leave the old home, Say tell me moth - er dear, Where we have lived to - geth - er, So
2. How can we leave the old home, And all we love so well? Where can we find an - oth - er? I'm
3. Oh can we save the old home, Must strangers come and take A - way our on - ly ref - uge, While



hap - py many a year? You say that fa - ther's drink - ing. Has brought us all this woe, Why  
 sure I can - not tell; You say that fa - ther's left us. And gone a - way you know, Oh  
 we its joys for - sake? You say that fa - ther's ru - ined By Rum's harsh cru - el blow, If



*rit e dim.* *Chorus.*

are you weep-ing, moth-er, Say tell me must we go?  
 is it true, dear mother, Say tell me must we go?  
 God would hear our prayers, We need not ev-er go.

Yes, we must leave the old home, The

*rit e dim.*

Yes, we must leave the old home The

*rit e dim.*

*rit e dim.*

old home we love so, Out in the world to wan-der, Yes, dar-ling, we must go

old home we love so Out in the world to wan-der, Yes, dar-ling, we must go

*rit e dim.*

# WAIFS OF THE DRUNKARD'S SAD HOME.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Andante, with expression.*

1. Ma-ny a lit-tle one wan-ders      Cloth'd with but tat-ters and      rags,      Ont in the streets of the

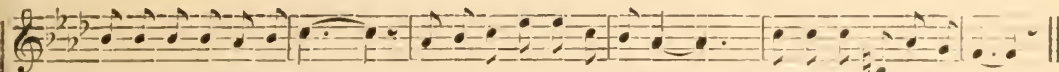
2. Ma-ny a lit-tle one's plea-ding,      Some-times for pen-nies or      bread,      Of-ten what lit-tle we

3. Ma-ny a lit-tle one's ly-ing      Hun-gry and cold on the      floor,      Round them the de-mons mad

ci - ty      Ov - er the cold sto - ny      flags;      Inn-dreds pass by them un - heed - ing.

give them      Goes to the rum shop in - stead;      Sent by a father or moth-er.

rev - el      Lulls them to sleep with its      roar;      Bet-ter for them that death's an-gels,



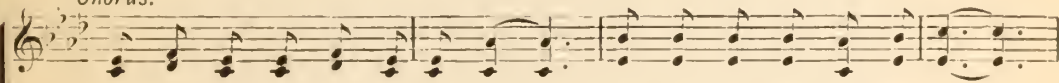
Whith-er or why they must roam  
Out in the high-ways to roam  
Claimed them at once for their own

Noth-ing but pov-er-ty's chil-dren  
Beg-ging, for them to get liq-uor  
Tak-ing them up to their bright land

Waifs of the drunkard's sad home  
Waifs of the drunkard's sad home  
Waifs of the drunkard's sad home



*Chorus.*



Heav-en look down in your pi-ty:

Guard them wher-ever they roam,



Out in the streets of the ci-ty

Waifs of the drun-kard's sad home.



## WHENCE CAME THEY?

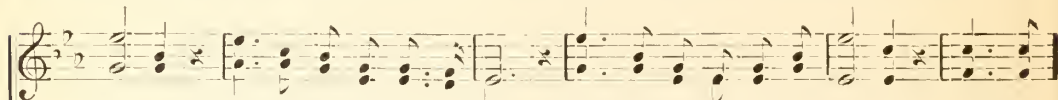
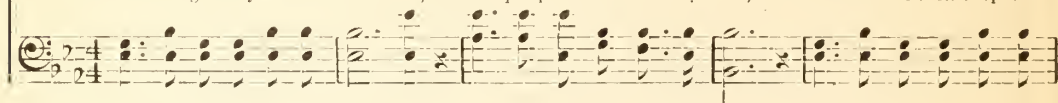
"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"—Rev. 7: 13.

MRS. M. E. D. CORNELIUS.

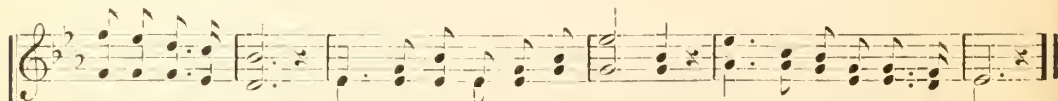
MRS. R. B. MAHAFFEY.



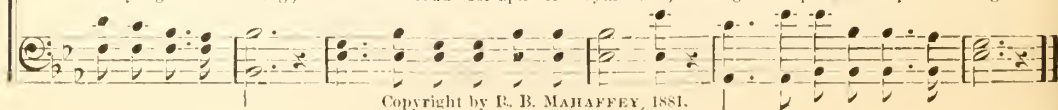
1. Who are these in ra-diant gar-ments, With their vest-ments pure and white? Whence came they, and whither
2. These are they whose robes are whiten'd By the Blood of Christ, the Lord; Who, in heav-y trib-u-
3. Whith-er go they? to the man-sions, Christ pre-pared for ev'-ry one; There to tune their harps and



go-ing, With their forms of liv-ing light? Did they dwell in some far re-gion, Where our  
la-tion, Tes-ti-fied their faith in God. From the haunts of sin and sor-row, From the  
voi-ces, Prais-ing God's e-ter-nal Son. Praise Him, all ye saints and an-gels, Praise Him,



feet have nev-er trod? And now seek a home in heav-en, Near-er to the Fa-ther God?  
depths of woe and shame, Gath-er He these man-y mill-ions, Saved from death thro' Je-sus' name.  
all ye glorious throng; Sound a-loud ser-aph-ic eym-bals, Sing His praise in rapturous song.

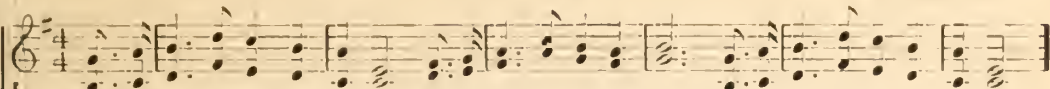




# FOLLOW ME.\*

73

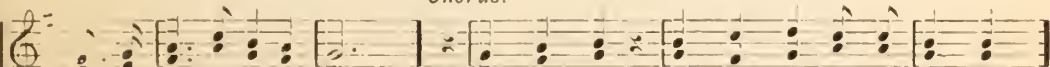
J. H. KISSINGER.



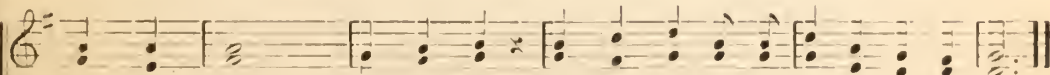
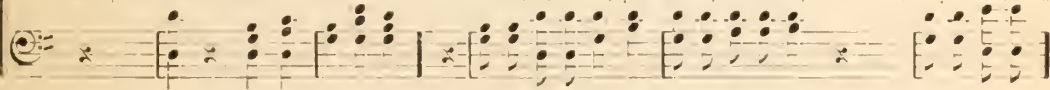
1. Hark! the Sav-iour's wel-come sum-mons, As He stood by Gal-i - lee, Call-ing to those man-y toil-ers,
2. Now to us these words are giv-en, Reb-el sin-ners tho' we be, Ev-er this com-mand they bring us,
3. Thus the Sav-iour's call-ing ev-er, Call-ing af-ter you and me: Will you heed the wel-come summons?



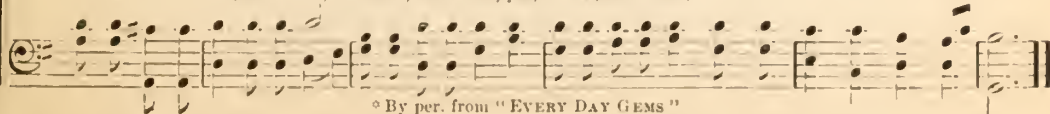
## Chorus.



- "Leave your nets and fol-low me," Fol - low me, fol - low me, Leave your nets and  
 "Leave your nets and fol-low me,"  
 "Leave your nets and fol-low me," Follow, follow me, yes, follow, follow me, Leave your nets and



- fol - low me, Fol - low me, fol - low me, Leave your nets and fol - low me.  
 fol-low, fol - low me, follow me, Follow, follow me, yes, follow, follow me,

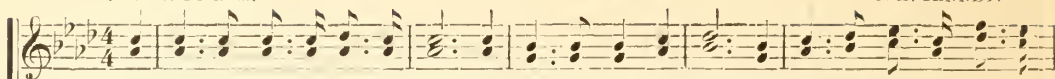


## THE RED AND BLUE RIBBONS.

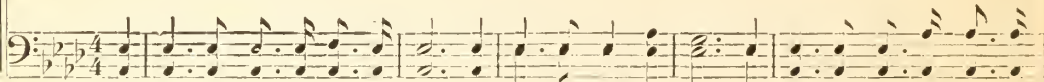
Rev. ROBERT KERR.

(For Male Voices.)

J. H. TENNEY.

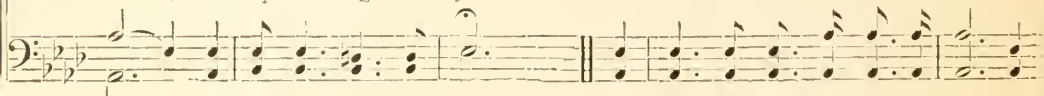


1. A small affair the bows we wear May look, dear friends, to you: To us they're types of love and
2. The blood is red that warms our hearts, And glow-ing red the love That yearns to raise the fal-len
3. The sky is blue that smiles o'er all, And sheds its kind-ly dew, Lo we, in bless-ing all a-
4. As red and blue in Rain-bows shine To charm a-way our fears, Lo, we u-nite to give the

*Chorus.*

truth, The pre-cious Red and Blue.  
 ones, To heights of bliss a - bove.  
 round, Would ev - er be true blue.  
 world, The hope of bright - er years.

Suc - cess to all who wear the badge Of



hon - or Red or Blue And in the high and hol - y cause, May they be leal and true.



# THE KNOT OF RIBBONS BLUE.

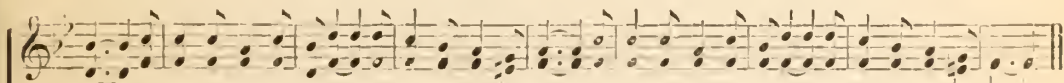
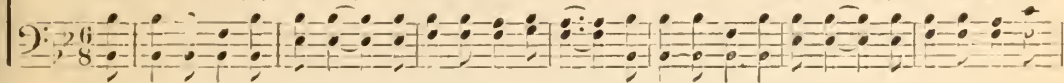
75

EBEN E. REXFORD.

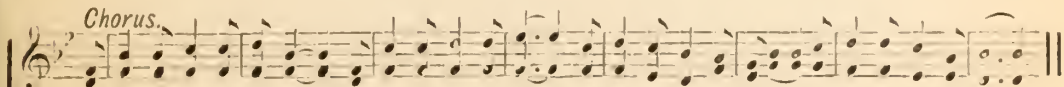
R. E. MAHAFFEY.



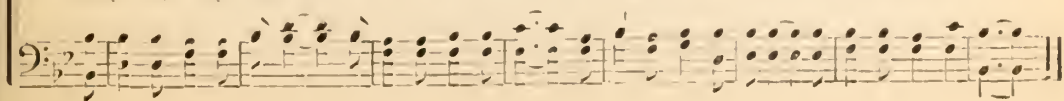
1. I hear a sound of sing - ing Up - on the air to - day, Of gladness and thanksgiving, From near and far -
2. The Temp'rance wave sweeps over The land from sea to sea, I hear the grand glad tidings, Of men from drink set
3. Work on, work on, my broth - ers, Be strong to do and dare, Think of the shadow'd hearthstones, And weeping women



way; I see a band advancing, Brave, earnest, strong and true, And on each breast is shining, A knot of ribbons blue  
free; And happy wives and mothers, Rise up with thanks to God, That those they lov'd have follow'd Where our crusaders trod,  
there; Think of the thousands sleeping, To-day in drunkard's graves, And as you work, remember, God gives the help that saves.



God speed the Temp'rance Army, Oh strong to dare and do, Are those who wear its colors, The knot of ribbons blue!

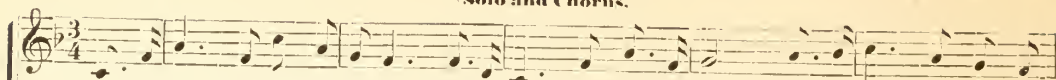


## THE OLD FOLKS WOULD BE HAPPY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH

Solo and Chorus.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



- 1 Oh, the old folks would be happy If they knew I'd signed the pledge, For my feet have long been
- 2 Of - ten they have pleaded with me, That I should my good name save, It was their kind words that
- 3 They are grow-ing old and fee-ble, Swiftly pass - ing down life's hill, I must live to cheer and

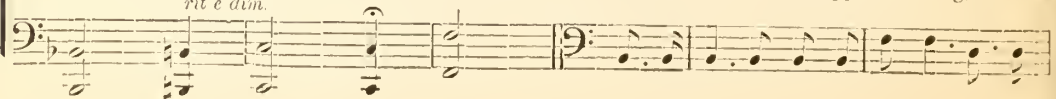
*rit e dim.**Chorus.*

stay-ing, On the brink of ru-in's edge.  
 kept me From a drunk-ard's shameful grave.  
 guard them, And God help-ing me I will.

Yes, to-day I have stopped drinking, No more



Yes, to-day I have stopped drinking, No more

*rit e dim.*

# THE OLD FOLKS WOULD BE HAPPY.—Concluded.

77

*crs.* *rit e dim.*

shame up - on my brow, The old folks would be hap - py Could they see their boy to-night.

## FORWARD PRESS THY CONQUERING WAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

*Very bold*

A. J. ABBEY.

1. For - ward press thy con - quering way, Temp'rance, forward press, Let thy sceptre's might - y sway,  
2. For - ward press thy con - quering way. Temp'rance, forward press, Bid the darkness roll a - way.  
3. For - ward press thy con - quering way, Temp'rance, forward press, Till su - preme shall be thy sway,

On - ward still in strength and pride,  
Proud - ly let it there de - ly,  
Na - tions wor - ship at the shrine.

*Fine* *D.S.*

Sweep a - way dis - tress; Cast thy foes in fear a - side, Break the bands of shame.  
And the sunshine bless; Rise thy loy - al stand - ard high, O - ver land and sea,  
And thy pow'r no less; Might and maj - es - ty be thine, While throughout the world,  
Bear thy glo - rious name,  
All in - iq - ui - ty,  
Where no flag is turled.

## THE TEMP'RANCE CROWN IS OURS.

ARTHUR

CH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The Tem - - - p'rance crown is ours, Joy-ful-ly sing, Joy-ful-ly  
 1. The Temp'rance crown is ours, Temp'rance crown is ours, Joy-ful-ly come sing,

D.C. The Temp'rance crown is ours, Temp'rance crown is ours, Joy-ful-ly come sing,

sing 'Tis wreath'd with love's sweet flow'rs To it we'll  
 Joy - ful - ly come sing 'Tis wreath'd with love's sweet flow'rs, wreath'd with love's sweet flow'rs, To it we'll

Joy - ful - ly come sing 'Tis wreath'd with love's sweet flow'rs, wreath'd with love's sweet flow'rs, To it we'll

cling. To it so proud - ly cling, proudly cling. Spot-less let us strive to keep its fame. And  
 cling, To it so proud - ly cling, proudly cling,



nev-er let be tarnished its fair and honored name. The Temp'rance crown with jewels rare, Up-  
Jew-els rare,  
to wear, to wear,  
on our brow we proudly love to wear We proudly love to wear we  
on our brow we Proud-ly love to wear we proud-ly love to wear,  
proud-ly love to wear, We proud-ly love to wear, Up-on our brow we proud-ly love to wear

2. The Temp'rance crown we wear,  
Temp'rance crown we wear,  
Happily sing, Happily come sing,  
We'll treasure it with care,  
Treasure it with care,  
Joy it will bring, (Joy it will ever bring!)  
Under it are beating hearts so true,  
That will not falter in any duty they've to do,  
The Temp'rance crown, &c.

The Temp'rance crown be yours,  
Temp'rance crown be yours,  
Merrily sing, Merrily come sing,  
The cup that all allures,  
(Cup that all allures,  
Far from you fling, Far from you quickly fling,  
Mingle in our ranks with joy and glee,  
For there awaits a welcome and this our song shall be  
The Temp'rance crown, &c.

## THIS IS THE WAY FOR YOU!

From "THE YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE BANNER."

Words and Music by W. HOYLE.

*Cheerfully.*

1. Al-ways do the right, This will help you thro'; Pray for wisdom, seek the light, This is the  
 2. Al-ways speak the truth, This will stand the test; Many eyes will mark your youth, Truth will be  
 3. Al ways per-se - vere, Nev - er you lose heart; Firm re-solve and purpose clear Give you a  
 4. Al-ways learn to feel, Love to others show, Kindly words and deeds will heal Much of earth's

*Chorus.*

way for you! Nev - er mind what oth-ers say, It may be false or true; Keep straight on  
 al-ways best!  
 bet-ter start.  
 sin and woe.

in the nar-row way, This is the way for you! This is the way for you!

# THIS IS THE WAY FOR YOU!—Concluded.

81

This is the way for you! Keep straight on in the nar-row way, This is the way for you!

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the staff.

## OUR SABBATH-SCHOOL.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

R. B. M.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Our Sab-bath-school is a hap-py place. And there the children throng,  
With cheerful heart and with smiling face, To [Omit. . . . .] join in hap-py song.

2. { Our Sab-bath-school is a hap-py place. And thith-er we re-pair,  
With ea-ger heart and quickened pace, To [Omit. . . . .] join the voice of pray'r.

3. { Our Sab-bath-school is a pre-cious place, We stud-y there the Word,  
In which the ho-ly life we trace Of [Omit. . . . .] Christ, our liv-ing Lord.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Chorus. 1st time. 2d time.

{ Oh, the hap-py, hap-py Sabbath-school, How we love to gath-er there,  
{ In the hap-py, hap-py Sabbath-school, In the [Omit. . . . .] place of praise and pray'r.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the staff.

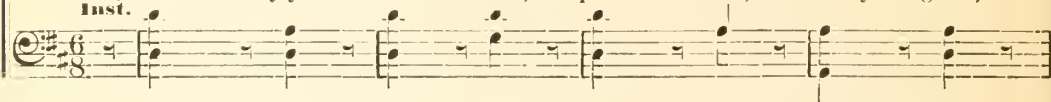
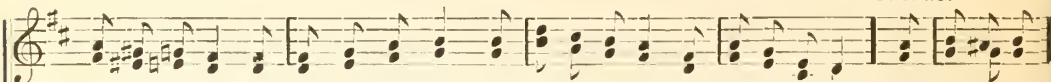
R. B. M.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15: 18.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

*Duet. Deliberately.*

1. The won-der-ful love the Father bestowed On him who re-turned from worldly em-brace, Doth
2. A-way from your home and kindness so dear, You long have remained 'mid hunger and cold; There's
3. Oh, come and en-joy the boun-ti-ful feast, The par-don and love, the mer-ey and grace; Thro'

*Inst.**Chorus.*

plain-ly foreshow how Christ will receive The pen-i-tent soul that trusts in His graee. Oh, prod-i-gal,  
shel-ter and bread enough, and to spare, Come, hasten a-way, and en-ter the fold. Re-pent of your  
Je-sus a-lone, who died to re-deem The fal-len and lost, the sin-ruined race.

*1st time.**2d time.*

turn from fol-ly and vice, Oh, wander no more in sorrow and shame;  
sins, a - rise and re-turn, The [ *Omit.* . . . . . ] Fa-ther a-waits the lost to re-claim.



# PURGING.

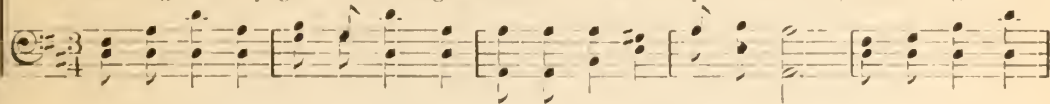
83

Words and Melody By REV. S. K. WHEATLAKE.

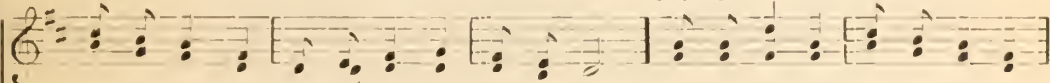
R. B. MAHAFFEY, By per.



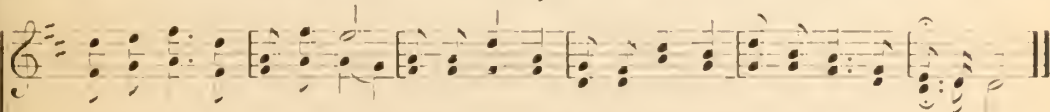
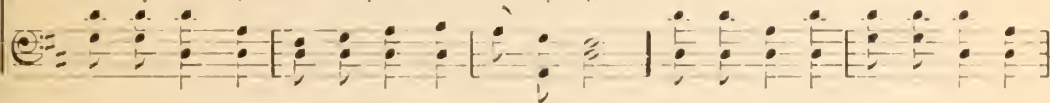
1. In my soul the gold and sil-ver, Mixed with dross, must be re-fined; Mine to be as
2. Fear-ful, trem-bling, yet com-mit-ted In the cru-ci-ble to go; Sit thou by and
3. Sit thou by, the flesh may fail me; Yea, too fierce the flame may glow: Sit thou by to
4. Bear-ing faith thy glo-rious im-age. Heart and hands made pure and white, Then in right-cous-



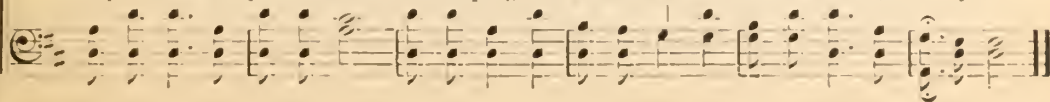
*Chorus.*



clay, sub mis-sive, But the purg-ing, Lord, is thine. Sit Thou by, O thou Re-fin-er!  
 watch the burn-ing, Till made whit-er than the snow.  
 cheer and strengthen. Keep the flame from burn-ing low.  
 ness thy off-ring, Shall be pleas-ing in thy sight.



Help me bear the pain un-told: Sit and purge me till thou se-est Thine own im-age in my soul.

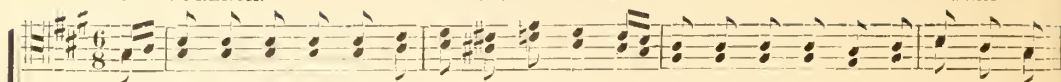


## WHICH SHALL IT BE?

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

For Male Voices.

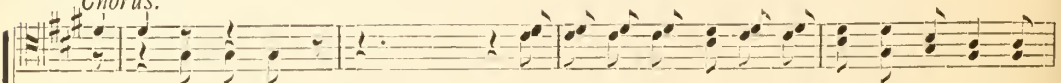
FRANZ.



1. Red rib-bons we see ev-'ry day in the street, Red nos-es of course at the same time we
2. Red rib-bons are sig-nals of safe-ty and cheer, Red nos-es are dan-ger-lights, venture not
3. Red rib-bons are worn as the em-bles of right, Red nos-es are fruits of the li-quer cups
4. Red rib-bons will lead us to hon-or and fame, Red nos-es will bring us to sor-row and



meet, So just for an ar-gu-ment we will sup-pose, Here's a red rib-bon and there's a red nose.  
 near, 'Tis eas-y to guess at your choice I sup-pose, You want a red rib-bon, but not a red nose.  
 blight, It's not hard to tell how your pref-er-ence goes, You'll take a red ribbon and not a red nose.  
 shame. Then glad be the hour that in tri-umph you chose To wear a red rib-bon and not a red nose.

*Chorus.*

Red nose, Red rib-bon, say which shall it be? Oh which do you think is best suit-ed to thee? Should





you have to choose as an ar-gu-ment goes. Would you have a red rib-bon or have a red nose?

This musical score is for the song 'Which Shall It Be?'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with a clear chorus structure. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

## SOW THE SEED.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

CHARLIE M. DAVIS.

1 Sow the fruit-ful seed of love, Sow the seed of light Sow the seed of earnest work, Sow the seed of right.  
2 Sow the welcome seed of hope, Sow the seed of cheer, Sow the seed of blessed joy, Sow and never fear.  
3. Sow the seed of jus-tice too, And the seed of toil, Sow the seed of la-bor true, Sow and till the soil.

This musical score is for the song 'Sow the Seed.' It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with a clear chorus structure. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

*Chorus.*

By the way-side tho' it be, Scat-ter, scat - ter seed And the har-vest by and by Shall be rich in-deed.

This musical score is for the chorus of the song 'Sow the Seed.' It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with a clear chorus structure. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

## TEACH THE CHILDREN TO DESPISE IT.

E. R. LATTA.

T. FRANK ALLEN.

*Earnestly.*

1. Of the countless host of vic-tims, To the curs-ed de-mon drink, Tho' we may by per-se-  
 2. Oh, the guilt of care-less par-ents, Who al-low their boys to run Un-ad-mon-ished and un-  
 3. Oh, how man-y we have witnessed, In their childhood led a-stray, Who, the pathway to de-

ver-ance, Res-cue man-y from the brink; Yet the truth should be repeated, And re-peat-ed still a-  
 guard-ed, Till the dread-ful work is done; Warn the rising gen-er-a-tion, Keep them from the monster's  
 struction Mad-ly fol-lowed all the way; Let the truth be oft re-peat-ed, And re-peat-ed still a-

gain, Teach the chil-dren to des-pise it, If you wish for temp'rance men.  
 den, Teach the chil-dren to des-pise it, If you wish for temp'rance men. Let the truth, then, be re-  
 gam, Teach the chil-dren to des-pise it, If you wish for temp'rance men.

peat-ed. And re-peat-ed o-ver a-gain, Teach the children to des-pise it, If you wish for temp'rance men.

## NEAR THE CROSS.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Near the cross of Je - sus, Ev - er let me be. . . Where the pre-cious  
2. Neath the mighty shad - ow, From the noon-tide heat, . . I would ev - er  
3. Sweet and peace-ful shel - ter, On it I re - ly, . . Through the storms and

*Fine.* *U.S.* Near the cross of  
foun - tain Flows and cleanseth me.  
lin - ger In that ref - uge sweet. Near the cross, near the cross, Cross of Cal - va - ry,  
tem - pests, That a round me lie.  
Je - sus, Ev - er let me be.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH,

T. FRANK ALLEN,

*With vigor.*

1. Slaves or freemen, we must eye - er In life's bus-y ac-tion be Bound by chains so hard to sev - er, Or walk  
 2. Shall we languish in a pris-on, From the balmy air of day? Let us shun the world we've riven, Out of  
 3. Can we live while we are hold-en Cap-tive to the tempter's chains? No, for lib-er-ty is gold-en, And a  
 4. Free or captive, 'tis your choosing, Which you would prefer to be, Lib-er-ty and manhood los-ing, Or main-

*Chorus.*

forth in lib-er-ty, Friends of temp'rance, then a-wak-en, To the dan-ger of the  
 gloom and sor-row's way,  
 free-dom yet re-mains.  
 tain your birthright free. Friends of temp'rance, then a-wak-en, then a-wak-en To the dan-ger, to the

hour,  
 dan-ger of the hour, 'Tis no time for i-dle sigh-ing, Let us crush the God-de-fy-ing Friend that lures us to his pow'r,

# BEWARE OF THE WINE.

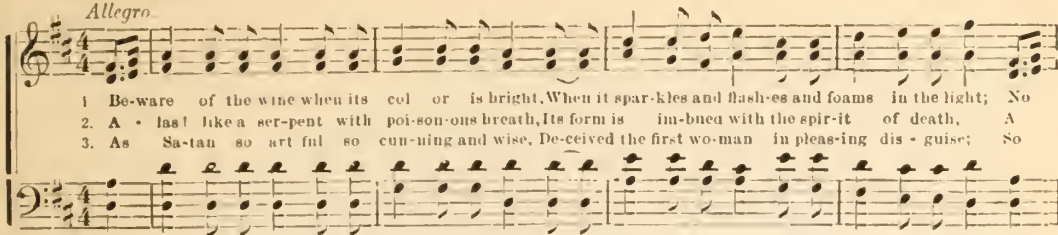
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"Look not upon the wine when it is red."—Prov. 23: 31.

REV. J. H. MARTIN, D. D.

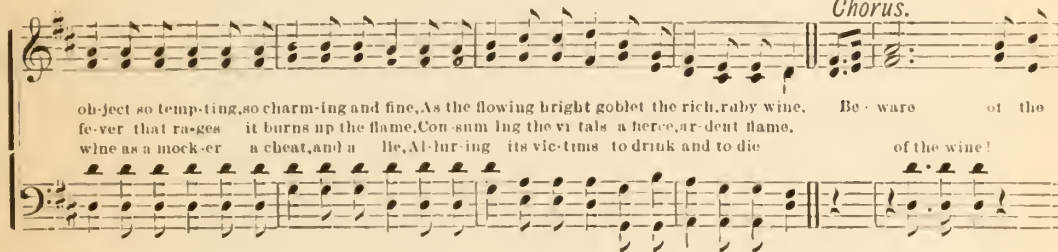
J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

*Allegro*



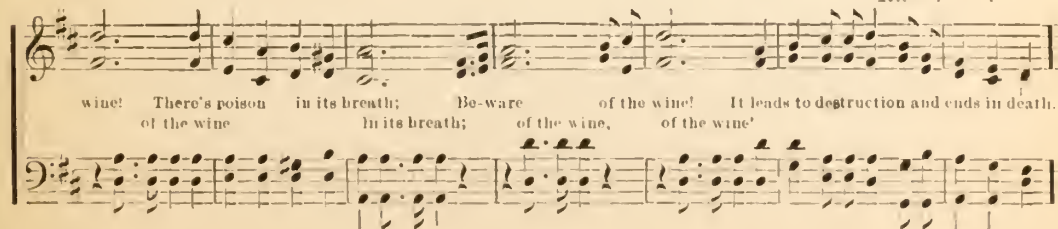
1 Be-ware of the wine when its col or is bright, When it spar-les and flash-es and foams in the light; No  
2. A - las! like a ser-pent with poi-son-ous breath, Its form is im-bued with the spir-it of death, A  
3. As Sa-tan so art ful so cun-ning and wise, De-ceived the first wo-man in pleas-ing dis - guise; So

*Chorus.*



ob-ject so temp-ting, so charm-ing and fine, As the flow-ing bright goblet the rich, raby wine, Be - ware of the  
fe-ver that ras-ges it burns up the flame, Con-sum-ing the vi-tals a her-cu-lean flame,  
wine as a mock-er a cheat, and a lie, Al-lur-ing its vic-tims to drink and to die of the wine!

*Rit*



wine! There's poison in its breath; Be-ware of the wine! It leads to destruction and ends in death.  
of the wine in its breath; of the wine, of the wine'

## MARCHING BOLDLY ONWARD.

J. H. BURKE.

J. H. BURKE.

1. { Spread the Temp'rance ban-ner out, let it float up-on the breeze, And for Temp'rance 'et us  
 Till the tempting cup no more blights the lives of those we love, And the curse of drink no  
 2. { Oh, what thousands do we see drift-ing down to dark-est night, By the pow'r of drink so  
 But we'll trust to God for aid and we'll ne'er give o'er the fight, Till its vic-tims from the  
 3. { For-ward to the bat-tle then, in the strength of Christ, the Lord, For his prom-is-es to  
 Tho' the fight be hard and long, he will cheer us by his word, And thro' him we shall the

1. 2. *Chorus.*

ev-er nobly stand, (Omit.)..... }  
 (Omit.)..... more af-flicts the land. }  
 ruthlessly enslaved, (Omit.) }  
 (Omit.) wine cup are all saved, } Marching boldly onward ev-er, Singing gladly as we  
 us are ver-y sure, (Omit.) }  
 (Omit.) vic-to-ry se-cure. }

Marching bold-ly onward ev-er, Singing glad-ly

go. For the Lord is on our side and thro' him we shall prevail, As we trust him we shall overcome the foe.

as we go,



# THE RED, THE WHITE, THE BLUE.

91

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

W. A. OGDEN.

1 The Temp'rance ar-my march-es In tri-umph thro' the land, (Omit.)  
(Be-neath their roy-al ban-ners (Omit.) A proud vic-to-rious band, Their en-signs are the

col-ors So stead-fast, firm, and true, All and these glo-rious em-blems, The Red, the White, The Blue

*Chorus.*

Then ral-ly, sol-diers, to nob-ly dare and do, Be-neath your glo-rious em-blems. The Red, the White, the Blue,

Then ral-ly, ral-ly,

2.

This mighty army battles Against the hordes of Ruin,  
To never fail nor falter Till they are overcome;  
Though beaten back they ever The bitter strife renew,  
Till proudly crowned with vict'ry, The red, the white, the blue,

Long may this vallant army Triumphant over be,  
Till all the wide world over Mankind from Ruin are free,  
Till crushed is every stronghold Where sin and ruin breed,  
Their potions now defying, The red, the white, the blue.

## WRECKS UPON THE SHORE.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Moderato.*

1. Our boat is launched up-on the tide, The wa- - - ters rip-ple by

1, Our boat is launched up-on the tide, The wa-ters rip-ple, rip-ple by,

A-down the stream of life we glide, Be-neath hope's smiling sky;

A-down the stream of life we glide, Beneath hope's smiling, smil-ing sky;

With happy hearts we drift a-long, The fu- - - - ture bright be-fore,

With hap-py hearts we drift a-long, The fu-ture bright, bright be-fore,

Tho' ev-'ry-where a round us throng The wrecks up-on the shore *Rit.*

*Chorus.* Tho' ev-'rywhere a round us throng The wrecks upon, up-on the shore

Sad wrecks o. man hood, hope and fame, Of self-re-spect and noble name

Sad wrecks of manhood, hope and fame, Of self-re-spect and noble name, *Rit.*  
Lost where in-temp'rance breakers roar, The warning wrecks up-on the shore.

- Lost where in-temp'rance breakers roar, breakers roar, The warning wrecks upon the shore, on the shore.
2. In some bright day they too their boat  
Launched in the fickle tide,  
Misguided ones who took no note  
Of reefs on every side;  
In mirth and glee the hours went by,  
To come again no more,  
While on they dashed with careless eye,  
For wrecks upon the shore.  
Sad wrecks of manhood, &c.
  3. Too soon they found that they were tossed  
Upon the rocks of woe,  
No help for them and they were lost,  
Crushed by some fearful blow;  
So let us then a warning take,  
From those who went before,  
To shape our course so we may make  
No wrecks upon the shore.  
Sad wrecks of manhood, &c.

# GOD'S CLOCK HAS STRUCK THE HOUR.

[From TRUMPET NOTES. By permission of The National Temperance Society.]

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

ROBERT LOWRY.



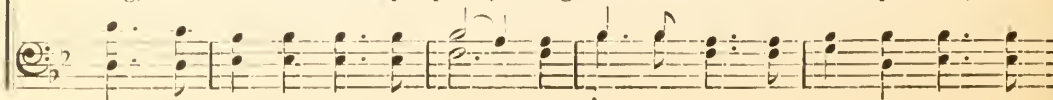
1. A tone pealed thro' the sol-enn night, The Cit - y clock struck one, It said to
2. The whole world hears the wel-come stroke, And fresh-er for - ces rise To join the
3. With God there is no com-pro-mise, He hat-eth ev' - ry wrong; With Him as



ev' - ry list'-ning ear, An - oth - er day's be - gun; So, in our na - tion's gloom, a  
few who long have fought With faith that nev - er dies; Our foes fall back in wav'-ring  
Lead - er of our cause, With bal - lot pray'r and song, We'll work u - nit - ed, brave and



peal Rings out our tri-umph hour; It tells how hon - est, earn - est work Breaks  
lines, And trem-ble for their pow'r; They know de - feat is draw-ing near, God's  
strong, Un - til the whis - ky pow'r, Through-out the world, shall sure - ly know, God's



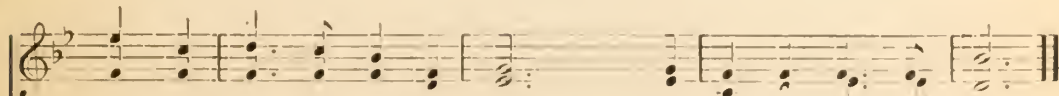
*Refrain.*



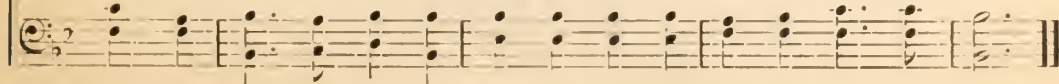
down the ty - rant's pow'r. God's clock has struck the hour, The hour of vic - to -  
clock has struck the hour.  
clock has struck the hour.



ry; It ush - ers in the glad new day, When all the na - tion shall be



free,—God's clock has struck the hour, God's clock has struck the hour.  
has struck the hour.



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